THE BYSTANDER
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MARCH 13, 1934
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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High-class
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Hotel des Etrangers—Sunny rooms with full pension from Fs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

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Capri—International Hotel.—In the mysterious land of Sirens. Fc. S. Own orange groves. Run. water or priv. bath. Cent. heat. Lift.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Nr. Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

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Palermo—Villa Igiea.—On the sea front. Large park. Golf links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lire.

SICILY—*continued.*

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The Bystander, March 13, 1934 No. 1578. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

THE HON. MRS. TAFFY RODD

The Hon. Mrs. Taffy Rodd is the wife of Lord Rodd's youngest son; before her marriage in 1932, she was Miss Yvonne Marling, and is the elder daughter of the late Sir Charles Marling, G.C.M.G., C.B. The Taffy Rodds, who live in Eaton Terrace, have one son, born last year. Mrs. Rodd likes parties, music, dancing and flying, and is aiming to get a pilot's licence. She has just gone into business and opened a hat-shop, for which she herself designs some of the models

"But Madam, I *am* Madame Estelle!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Cabinet Shuffles

OUR Political Correspondent, after she had recovered from the cold in her ear which she caught owing to prolonged keyhole work, has written to us: "Changes in the Cabinet are imminent, and I am in the position to offer you first-hand and exclusive information about them. If Sir John Simon leaves the Foreign Office, he will be offered the choice of two offices, Deputy-Superintendent of the Royal Mews or the Assistant-Clerkship of the Cheque to the Yeomen of the Guard. If, however, he does not leave the Foreign Office, he will not be offered either of these two posts, but Sir John Gilmour will become Patronage Secretary to the Forth Conservancy Board, in which case, of course, Mr. Elliot automatically gets the reversion of the Paving Commission. It is possible, though, that Mr. Elliot may prefer to lodge a claim for H.M. Nautical Almanac Office, and then the Paving Commission would naturally merge with the Board of Lunacy. I understand that the jealous rivalry between the National Radical Group and the Radical National Group for the Metropolitan Water Board has cooled off a good deal since the discovery that there is a Metropolis and a Board but practically no water. In the meantime, profound secrecy is being observed with regard to the appointment to the vacant Mastership of the Buck-dogs, but I am in a position to state that the claims of Mr. Hugh Walpole are being considered."

Hunting Notes

WE understand, from a source which is even more unreliable than most of our other sources of information—and we can hardly go lower than that—that the Southern Railway has offered to come to the rescue of that pack of fox-dogs to which we have had occasion to refer from time to time. The suggestion is, apparently, that next season an arrangement is to be fitted to the front of the Southern locomotives that pass through that particular area, an arrangement rather like the American cow-catcher. In this case, of course, it will be a cub-catcher, and, it is hoped, may prove of great value during the cubbing season.

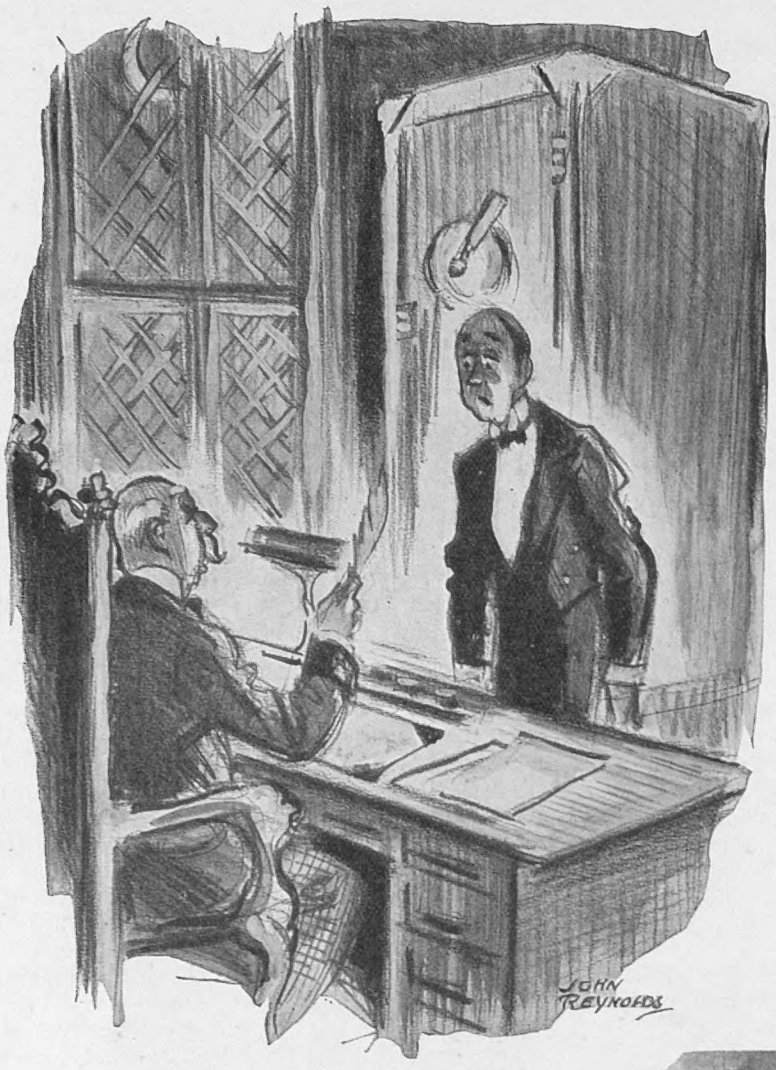
Youth Must Be Served

A MAN may play International "Rugger" at thirty-nine, as Crawford, the great Irish back, did. He may play cricket in the Gentlemen and Players at fifty-eight (and make a packet of runs), as "W. G." did. He may stump the country, speaking six times a day, at the age of eighty-four, as Gladstone did. But it is authoritatively stated that a man is too old to play "big" table-tennis at twenty-seven. "What's in a name?" observed the Swan of Avon (or Bulbul of Stratford, whichever you like). A very great deal. It doesn't sound so completely ludicrous to say that twenty-seven is too old for table-tennis. But the thing is at once put into its idiotic perspective the moment you call the game by its real name, which is PING-PONG.

". . . ever since I was so high"

Poor Old Karl!

WHAT a crushing insult has been levelled at the memory of Karl ("Tootsie") Marx by the Commissar for Public Decency in Leningrad! For that gent. has "decreed in words succinct" (as W. S. Gilbert would have put it; indeed, did put it, now that we come to think of it) that all beards in Leningrad must be shaved off. We do not pretend to be able to guess at his



"Thompson, a new moon. Turn the safe over"

motive. Perhaps he genuinely dislikes beards. Perhaps he thinks beards, especially in Russia, are liable to harbour unwelcome little guests. Perhaps he has just brought off a corner in safety razor-blades and sees a chance of cleaning up a wad. We know nothing whatever of all this. But we do feel that he has struck a devastating blow at the sacred memory of Karl Marx, the founder and inventor of all the nonsense, for Karl ("Tootsie") had a beard that was as wavy, as woollie, as wild, as soft, and as utterly ludicrous as his brains.

Wisecrack Corner

"THAT'S Oke by me," as King Charles observed when he scrambled up the famous tree at Boscobel and hid for three years in the foliage from the round-headed and thick-skulled followers of Master O. Cromwell.

New Menace for Motorists

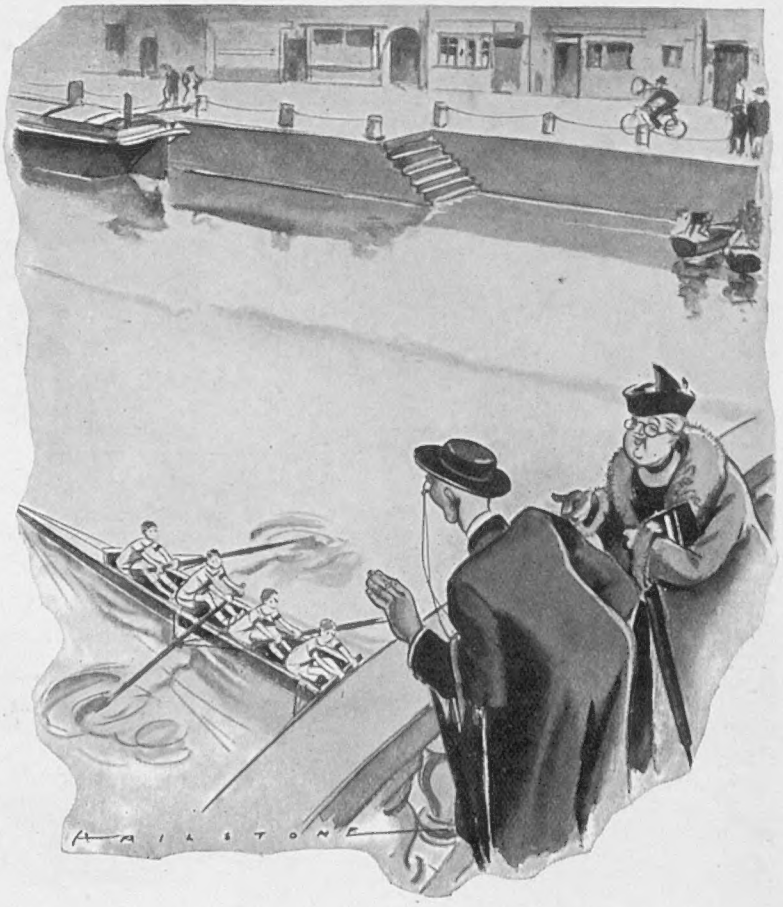
THIS is a serious paragraph. We can be serious if we try, but it is a serious business getting ourselves into the frame of mind to be serious. We can only do it by attending two Queen's Hall concerts, reading the works of Humbert Wolfe, believing that the Prime Minister is a great man, and pretending that we really are Mr. Jardine. Anyway, we've done all that, and here goes. The revived children's craze for whipping-tops is steadily becoming more and more of a danger. The little pets concentrate so madly upon keeping the top spinning in the middle of the road, on the very crown of the road, that the loudest, most ululating (Ha, ha! Lovelies, a new one on you!) squawk of an electric horn passes unheard over their childish ears. Automobilistas (a Spanish word meaning car-drivers), put on your brakes when you see a whipping-top come dancing out into the road. For an urchin will be after it in a flash, and if you don't put on your brakes you will have to explain to the coroner exactly how it all happened.

A New Profession

THE deaths, so soon after one another, of Herbert Chapman, the great "Soccer" manager, and François Descamps, who trained first the one and only Carpentier and then Charles Ledoux, remind us that the profession of Manager of Great Men is a comparatively recent one. The fiercely excitable little Descamps was almost as much a legend as Georges himself, but who "managed" Gentleman Jackson when he fought Tom Cribb? Who "managed" Jem Belcher, or Bill Neate the Gasman, or Mendoza the Jew? Their names have vanished. But Chapman and Descamps will always be remembered as heads of a new profession.

The Man's a Genius

MR. BURLESTON, of Texas, made a speech the other day, at the meeting of the American Honey Institute's Convention, in which he announced that at least one firm of golf-ball manufacturers are using honey in the making of golf-balls. It certainly seems an odd statement, but we are prepared to accept Mr. Burleston's statement. So far, so fairly good. But the Texan gent. went farther, and delivered himself of an immortal statement. "Of course," he added, "the golf-balls will not be made entirely of honey."



"Now, tell me, Canon, has this anything to do with the celebrated Oxford Movement?"

A True Republican

THE citizens of the greatest Democracy in the world, etcetera, etcetera, do seem to hanker after Royalty. In the grand old days, when the dollar was worth a dollar, you could always see a posse of Americans peering through the railings outside Buckingham Palace on the chance of catching a fleeting glimpse of Black Rod or one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber. And it comes as no surprise to us, women of the world that we are, to hear that a citizen of Chicago has offered £20,000 for the kingship of Andorra, the romantic and tiny Pyrenean Republic. For ourselves, we are sorry that the Andorrans prefer the overlordship of the President of the French Republic and the Bishop of Seo d'Urgel. We would have liked enormously to have celebrated the coronation of King Spike Muldooney the First, or King Pugs Orsini y Colonna the First, or even King Schmidt. But the Andorrans cling to the Constitution which Charlemagne gave them, and for some reason refuse to sell themselves to any guy, goop, gink, wop, dago, hunky, or bohunk.

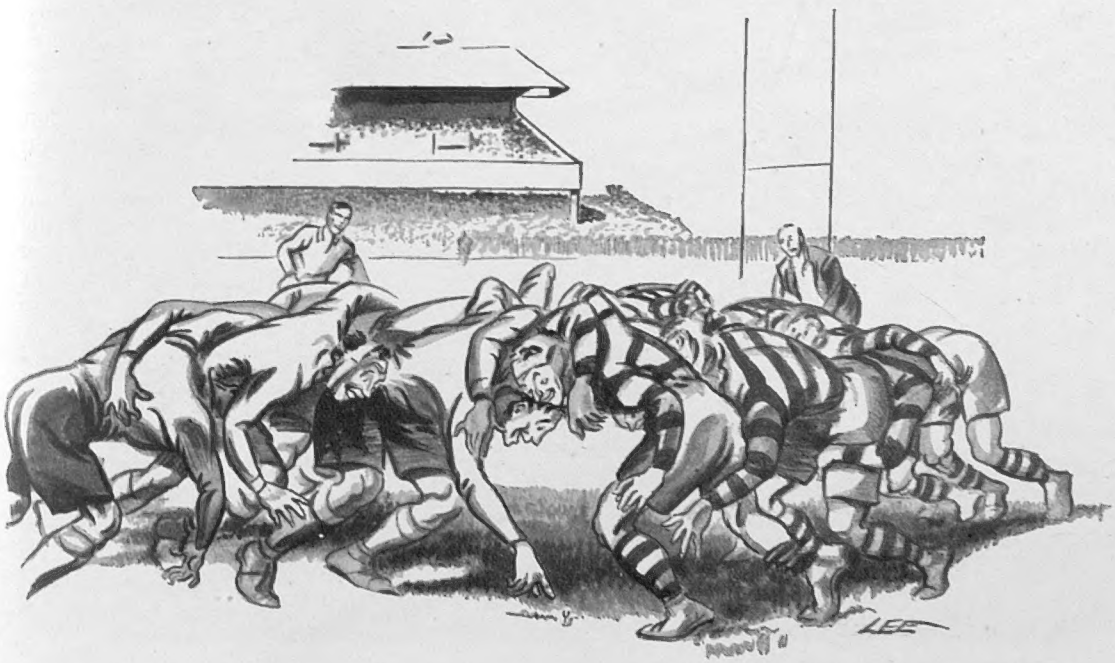
The New Allan Quatermain

SO they have found Ophir at last, the long-sought mines of King Solomon. At least, they say they have. Does anybody nowadays, except us fogies who rode with Cardigan at Balaclava (wearing a woolly of the former and a helmet of the latter), read Rider Haggard? Does the immortal stand of Umslopogaas at the top of the marble staircase strike a chord in younger hearts? Does the name of Gagool, the terrifying witch-doctor, convey anything to the modern sweeties? And Allan Quatermain, that great hunter, does the wild ass stamp o'er his head and he lie fast asleep? (By the way, to avoid any unpleasantness, this last sentence is a quotation from the poetry of O. Khayyam, and no reference is made or intended to any living reader of this journal.)

"Queer, Very Queer"

THESE immortal words of Mr. Robertson Hare in the highly comical film called *Thark*, might have been expressly coined to meet the situation at Dijon, where the French police, usually the most efficient and alert folk, are completely baffled by the Stavisky murder. Queer, very queer.

"You'll have to use your brains with this one"



"Look, Paunceforth, the first buttercup"

Romance Corner

STICKING closely to our freakish and original idea that romance has nothing whatever to do with the acquisition by ex-office boys of large chunks of other people's money, we are publishing this week, here and now, a specimen of our idea of romance. The islanders of Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific, have just fished up the rudder of the famous H.M.S. Bounty, on which the celebrated mutiny took place in 1789. The ringleader of the mutiny was the boatswain, Fletcher Christian,

and it was a descendant of his, called Parkins Christian, who found the rudder. Pitcairn Island is populated entirely with descendants of the mutineers, who were all Manxmen, and it is possible that Parkins Christian, at present chief magistrate of Pitcairn, may send the rudder home to the museum in the Isle of Man.

A Grand Retort

SOMEONE ought to compile a small anthology of classic retorts. As, for example, the story of "Liberator" Wilkes canvassing for himself during an election.

Voter (*angrily*): "I would sooner vote for the Devil than for you, Mr. Wilkes."

Wilkes (*blandly*): "And how if your friend does not stand?"

Captain Liddell Hart, the most brilliant of modern military writers, has resuscitated one of these classics in his latest book on Lawrence of Arabia. At the Peace negotiations in Paris, Feisal was claiming Syria for the Arabs, and M. Bichon was claiming it for France. The latter made a long and eloquent speech, basing the French claim on the intimate connection between France and the Crusades. At length, King Feisal could stand it no longer, and he got up and said very sweetly: "But, M. Bichon, which nation won the Crusades? Yours or mine?"

"Staff Cuts at Famous School"
(Headline in Public Sheet)

HOW fashions do change, to be sure! In our young days, when Arnold was at Rugby and Shelley was being expelled from Oxford, and John ("Kick-pants") Ruskin was drooling away at his idea of shooting the works, we never used the word "Staff." It was always either "cane" or "birch." The cuts, however, seem to remain the same.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 10

As Peeping Tom said to Lady Godiva:

"KEEP YOUR HAIR ON!"

THESPÆANS

No. 24.—Mr. George Robey

IF you like your fun to be
Hearty to the *n*th degree,
You will surely find that he
Is the very fellow for you.
With his garb of sombre hue,
Ruddy cheeks and stories "blue,"
When he bounds into your view
You will love him, I assure you;
And soon, with all the rest, you 'll sing
This chorus with a right good swing—

Hee! Hee! Hee! Ho! Ho! Ho!
You are just the chap to make things go.
Ho! Ho! Ho! Hee! Hee! Hee!
Jolly old George, don't we love thee!

Full of face and round of girth,
Our Prime Minister of Mirth
From the dullest can unearth
Unsuspected funds of laughter.
With his scandalised "Desist!"
And "Decorum, I insist!"
He 's a joy not to be missed;
And the yells that shake the rafter
When Nudists he dilates on, are
Proof that he still keeps well up to par.

Hee! Hee! Hee! Haw! Haw! Haw!
Give him a cheer! Encore! Encore!
Haw! Haw! Haw! Hee! Hee! Hee!
Jolly old George, don't we love thee!

B. W.

Parisian Notes

THE crisis in Paris has been seriously aggravated by a play, written in English and translated into French, which was performed at the Comédie Française for a few nights and then withdrawn at the request of the French Government. It was obviously a play designed by Perfidious Albion to embarrass the present régime. Possibly written inside the Foreign Office, the permanent head of which was once a distinguished playwright.

No, it was nothing of the sort. It was *Coriolanus*, by William, our William, our very own William, and no one else's.

Plagiarism

THE whole of the London Press (with the exception of the *Sprocket-Grouters' Gazette and Boomer*) has at last tumbled to the idea that Mr. Melville Cooper eats quite a number of bananas in *Laburnum Grove*, at the Duchess Theatre. We take a small amount of credit (vastly less, indeed, than we are entitled to) for having noticed this many, many weeks ago. In fact, we have rung the changes on this remarkable feat of plantainophogy to such an extent that we propose to lay off for a bit now. And so à rivederci, sweethearts. Write to us sometimes, but always enclose photograph, certified by a barrister, ex-Colonel, or minister of religion.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"And ever since that day, Joe, I've been a woman-hater"

D

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Tamara Desni

Tamara Desni plays the part of the spy who, by orders of the pirate chief, tries to vamp State secrets out of the innocent A.B. (Jack Hulbert) in "Jack, Ahoy!" which has been running to full houses at the Tivoli

"Flying Down to Rio"

THE best musical-comedy film to date! A model of its kind, containing all the desirable ingredients—romance, wit, good music, good acting, and the most superlative "stunt" chorus-work ever presented on the screen, brilliantly blended. A fleet of aeroplanes descending on Rio while the whole of a cabaret variety team do their acts on the wings of the moving 'planes is unique, and supplies a thrill of apprehension in addition to the spectacular merit of the conception and execution. The male and female partners in the chorus dances are an excellent innovation, and the Brazilian dance—the "carioca"—and its music are lively to the point of excitement.

There is even a story and some slight but sufficient characterisation. Gene Raymond plays the part of a band-leader whose amatory adventures are constantly getting him, and his colleagues, into trouble and out of work. Fred Astaire is his friend and lieutenant. He has an attractive screen personality and makes the most of opportunities to show nimbleness of feet and tongue. He has some of the best lines, and, with Ginger Rogers, the best dancing number. Dolores del Rio looks alluring as the young lady from Rio, dutifully affianced, who falls in love with the orchestral Don Juan, but does not attempt to lift the part from the leit motif or resume the passionate plane of her silent-film rôles.

"Four Frightened People"

CECIL B. DE MILLE has a greater sense of the possibilities of the screen than any living director. He has also more capacity for producing impossibilities. *Four Frightened People* is a fantastic affair which may appeal to a large section of the public mainly because of its complete divorce from reality and the fact that, like all de Mille pictures, it is an "eye-full."

The film opens "horribly" with a quickly-dispelled promise of realism—a dead man being sewn into a sack and the bearers of the grisly burden passing, while the wireless-operator of a ship in the Pacific sends desperate messages for help because there is plague among the crew. The four frightened people who leave the ship in a native boat are a famous, self-important journalist (William Gargan), a social leader (Mary Boland), an unimportant scientist (Herbert Marshall), and—one of the improbabilities—an ultra-spinsterish spinster, played by Claudette Colbert. Her evolution, via jungle terrorism and a cold douche when a surprisingly well-trained monkey steals her clothes, into a siren in leaves and furs—one Eve disputed by two Adams—is the main theme of the film. The early sequences are entirely humorous and maintained by Mary Boland, in full evening dress, plus Pekinese and theories about birth-control, and the most jungly of jungles; but the film develops, or deteriorates, into melodrama.

"Unfinished Symphony . . ."

THE Curzon Cinema opened with this picture on March 6th. It has been described as "Mayfair's own cinema." Its chief inaugurator, the Marquess de Casa Maury, says that his "policy" will be to present "pictures of quality." *Unfinished Symphony . . .* is a beautiful beginning. This picture purports to tell the story of Schubert's famous symphony, one of the most exquisite and emotionally significant pieces of music in the world, and the way in which Schubert's music is welded to the lovely photographic backgrounds and the mood and movement of the players in this exquisite pictorial romance places Willy Forst, the director, in the first rank. The casting, especially in regard to small parts, should be an education to English directors, and Martha Eggerth, the star, not only has an exquisite singing voice but uses it with real histrionic feeling. If you can get in to this small and lovely theatre you should see this picture of prestige.

"Four Frightened People" Go Adventuring in the Jungle

Bubonic plague, cholera, cannibals and wild beasts are just a few of the things that the four stars of Cecil B. de Mille's film are frightened of. On the left, Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert show what the jungle can do to a chemist and a school-marm. On the right, Mary Boland, lecturer, William Gargan, newspaper-man, Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert look a cobra in the face. "Four Frightened People" has just completed its two weeks' run at the Plaza

Aren't They Alike?

Janet Gaynor

Adolphe Menjou

The Countess of Warwick

Mr. Michael Arlen

Another Page of Mixed Doubles

As seen by Pat Charles

Madge Evans

Ann Harding

Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward

Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 41. Yvonne Printemps

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

YVONNE PRINTEMPS is delicious. Her life is a romance. Born at Enghien, near Paris, she lived with her mother in great poverty. One day she was singing in the garden and was heard by Flers, who wrote and produced the revues for the Folies Bergère and did the décor for Sir Alfred Butt's earliest revues, in which Elsie Janis and "Bunch" Keys appeared.

Struck by the prettiness of her voice, he made enquiries and gave her a start. But he was most severe. Yvonne used to say: "But can't I play a part?" "No," said Flers. "You can sing, but give up the idea of trying to speak. You have such an odd nose and so absurd a mouth that you could never be a success as an actress."

For Flers could not appreciate her strange beauty. And, indeed, by all the laws of looks, nothing about her is right, except her eyes.

SHORTLY after her first appearance, Sacha Guitry went to a dress rehearsal in which Yvonne wore a little Lord Fauntleroy costume and was playing the title-rôle in *Le Fils de Sacha Guitry*. But it was not for another year he met her. The first time C. B. Cochran was made aware of her was her portrait in an album of pretty women collected by Henri Rudeaux. Then he saw her in a revue at the Palais Royal and made her an offer. That was in 1917. But by this time she was in love with Guitry, and nothing came of it. Besides, she was playing a small part in *The Illusionist*, where she did a music-hall turn and sang an English song. After that she had the lead in all Guitry's shows and was made famous in his operettes.

Her first visit to England was just after the war, with Guitry, and she has appeared over here another half-dozen times. To-day she and Guitry are separated—so here she is in *Conversation Piece*, living at the Ritz, and laughing and sleeping.

YVONNE PRINTEMPS is the most natural person in the world. She has no poses. She is always merry, except when playing in a piece which demands singing. ("When I must sing I cannot lead the life of a human being. I daren't go out. I daren't eat or drink what I like. I stay in bed all day.") Even now she cannot speak ten words of English. She learnt her part in *Conversation Piece* only by a terrific effort. ("All these strange words are a nightmare.") Without her grease-paint she looks twenty-three. Truly she is ageless, and she sings like a nightingale. Her two loves? Her mother and Pépé. Who is Pépé? Her seventeen-year-old terrier, given her by Sacha in their courting days.

Desks and Dining-Rooms

(1) Mrs. J. H. Thorpe, the wife of Mr. J. H. Thorpe, who has been Recorder of Blackburn since 1925, is Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths' elder sister. Her son is nearly five, and she has two daughters. The dining-room of the Thorpes' Egerton Gardens house has pine-panelled walls, crimson brocade curtains, and chairs with petit-point seats worked by Mrs. Thorpe

(1) Mrs. J. H. Thorpe and John Jeremy

(2) Miss Helen Robertson is the younger daughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, and Mildred, Lady Robertson; her brother, Sir Brian Robertson, succeeded his father last year. Miss Helen Robertson lives with her mother in a charming flat in Queen's Gate, where she was photographed

(2) Miss Helen Robertson

(3) The Hon. Mrs. Barford is Lord and Lady Ashfield's younger daughter, married Mr. Edward Barford in 1928, and has three children. Her house in Melbury Road has sunny rooms and a large garden; the drawing-room, where she is writing letters, has pale green walls and curtains with a green leaf pattern on a brown background; her desk is Old Italian, with silvered legs

(3) The Hon. Mrs. Barford

(4) Mrs. Gray Horton was Miss Gwen Le Bas before her marriage to Captain Gray Horton; they have one small son. The drawing-room of their house in Montagu Square is biscuit-coloured as to walls and curtains, with coral-pink cushions as the chief colour-centre

(4) Mrs. Gray Horton

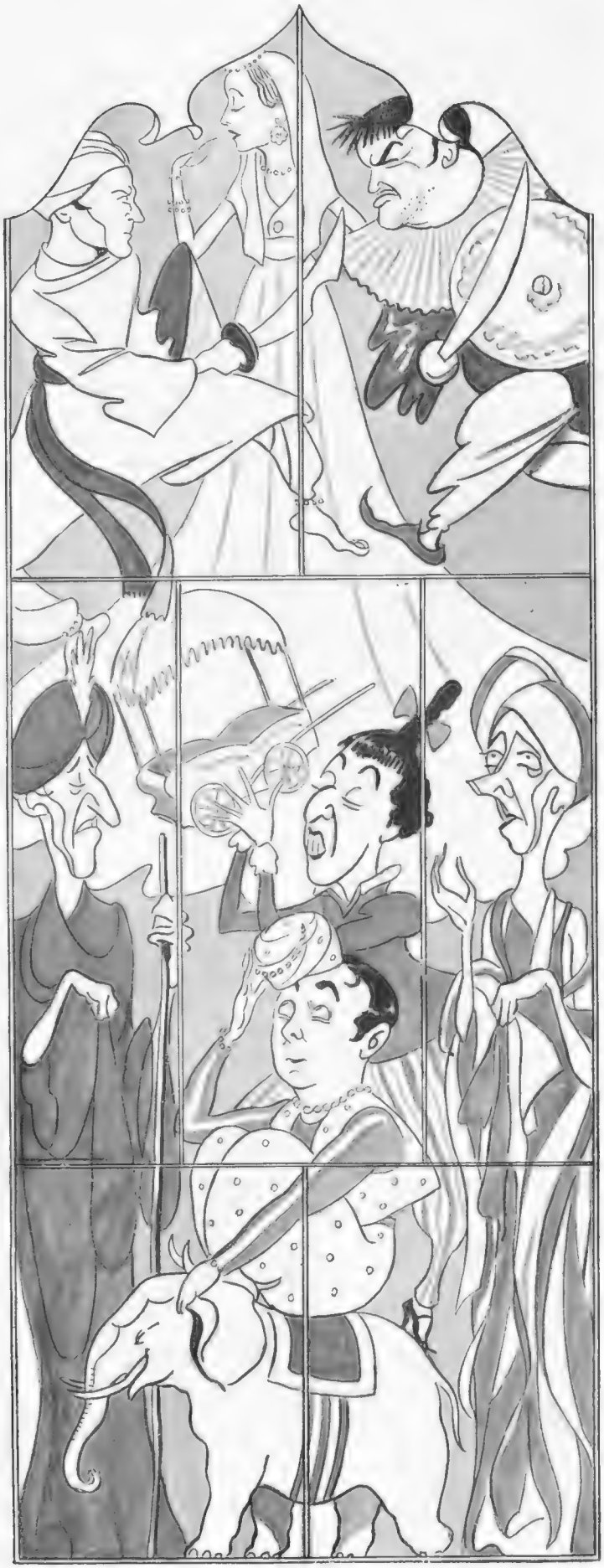
(5) Lady Simmons is the wife of Sir Percy Simmons, and the only daughter of Mr. Justice Hawke and Lady Hawke. Her husband is on the L.C.C. and was its Chairman in 1921-2. In the Simmons' flat in Hereford House the dining-room has deep cream walls and curtains, with old glass, mauve tulips, and flower-print mats as the table decorations. Lady Simmons is a regular concert-goer, and has studied music in Vienna

(5) Lady Simmons

Photographs by V. C. Buckley

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Nice Goings-Round



"The Golden Toy" (Coliseum)

THE longer I sat in the Coliseum, blinking like a bemused owl at the four Golden Goddesses in the boxes, the three announcers with megaphones, and the grottoes of rocky eminences, one of which derived, in profile, from the Loch Ness monster, the more I was convinced that the whole thing was a dream—walking. And what a dream! Imagine *Chu Chin Chow* played by a Shakespearean cast on an enormous merry-go-round revolving with German thoroughness; conceive *The Miracle* re-dedicated to Buddha and the Russian Ballet, with faint acknowledgments to Aladdin's Lamp, Sinbad the Sailor, and the Delhi Durbar. Then, if your notion of the romantic East admits no geographical boundaries, some idea of what 's afoot on the Coliseum stage may be yours. But I doubt it.

The Golden Toy was originally the Indian fairy story *Vasatasena*, until Carl Zuckmayer expanded it and Dr. Ludwig Berger set it turning in a maze of acrobats, harem beauties, and invisible choristers. Rudolph Bamberger and Winckler Tannenberg have designed thirty-two scenes, and some of them come round again and again, especially those inter-revolving grottoes through, up and over which Peggy Ashcroft, the temple maiden, and Ion Swinley, the chivalrous widower who is the King's son mislaid at birth, perform miracles of graceful mountaineering.

Pursuing them from precipice to pagoda is a motley array of villains, allies and comics. The young King, who is really a butcher's son, is their principal enemy. Wilfrid Lawson, dodging the scenery with the best, infects the butcher Prince with a throaty frenzy and a mannered villainy.

George Hayes plays the Elephant Keeper, who is also a burglar, with point and flavour, but I wasn't surprised to find him absent in the scene where Lupino Lane gallantly puts a real elephant through its tricks. This lady (Rosie) consumed quantities of snacks from Mr. Lane's pocket and played the tambourine. As the comedy scenes went, I think Rosie was better off than Nellie Wallace. Miss Wallace had no tambourine, only a pair of trouser-legs, a slightly comic hat, and no comic song.

Aside from the Chorus, the singing was confined to two songsters who did very well, I thought, considering their faces were covered with gold paint. I 'm sure it can't be easy to tackle a top note with the corners of your mouth on the gold standard.

Quite the strangest phenomenon in this fabulous feast of Beautiful Nonsense is the choice of Schumann's music. Personally, I should have plumped for a sugary, slightly syncopated mixture of the Indian Love Lyrics and *Rose Marie*. But if logic is to enter into the orchestra-pit, the comedians, poor neglected dears, must fly out of the wings, taking their few sorry little gags with them. Carrying this line of thought a step further, Ernest Thesiger must go too, if only as far as the make-up box in his dressing-room. While Peggy Ashcroft looked pale (and lovely) as the lotus or the new moon, and all the others displayed the natural colour of their countenance, Mr. Thesiger, wearing a puzzled, priestly look, came out two shades greyer than the Elephant, and looked to me like the ghost of an india-rubber idol. The dresses struck me as being chic but not too bazaar, and everyone will applaud the choreography of Ninette de Valois and the dancing of Wendy Toye.

It shows what a galaxy of spectacle can do for the senses when I say I 'm still harbouring a distinct grievance about the tigers. The roarings off were excellent, but I do think Dr. Berger might have shown us just one.

In a beautiful golden cage. TRINCULO

"The Golden Toy," at the Coliseum

Korndatta (Ion Swinley) and Samsthanaka (Wilfrid Lawson) are at daggers drawn for the favours of Vasantasena (Peggy Ashcroft). In the lower left corner we see the King (Henry Hallatt), and opposite him is Maitreya (Ernest Thesiger); Nana (Nellie Wallace) holds the Golden Toy itself, in the centre, and at the bottom is the Barber (Lupino Lane), complete with "Forget-Me-Not"

Getting Married

Four of the Latest Engagements

Peter North

The Hon. Doreen Jessel

Lenare

Miss Sally Lindley

Peter North

Miss Jasmine Van de Weyer

Wykeham

Miss Barbara Frampton

Miss Barbara Frampton is the only daughter of the late Captain W. J. G. S. Frampton, of Newton Hall, Clitheroe, and Mrs. Campbell Chads. She is engaged to the Hon. Edward Villiers, son of the late Earl of Jersey and Lady Cynthia Slessor, and brother of the present Earl. Mr. Villiers' younger sister, Lady Ann Villiers, is one of this year's débutantes; his elder sister is Lady Joan Colville

Wykeham

The Hon. Edward Villiers

Top, left: a new portrait of Lord and Lady Jessel's younger daughter, whose engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Agnew, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Agnew, was announced last month. The Hon. Doreen Jessel, who is twenty-five, went to University College, London, after she came out, and took her B.A. there in 1931

Left, centre: Miss Sarah Lindley is the third daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, P.C., G.C.M.G., the British Ambassador to Japan, and Lady Lindley. She is engaged to Mr. Philip Yorke, the Life Guards, only son of the late Hon. Alfred Yorke and the late Hon. Mrs. Percy Thellusson, and a cousin of Lord Hardwicke

Below, left: Miss Jasmine Van de Weyer, who is engaged to Mr. Francis Banbury, the elder son of Mr. R. E. Banbury, of Chilcotes, Baldock, is the youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, of Clyffe, Dorchester, and a niece of Lord Powerscourt. Her elder sister is now Mrs. Leith Whitaker

A set of caricatures of celebrities printed on the menu of Les Tuileries restaurant, 238, Rue de Rivoli, in connection with the Hotel Continental, Paris. Seen standing are Louis Renault, of motor-car fame, and Mlle. Cecile Sorel, the French actress. At the small table on the left are Louis Barthou, ex-Prime Minister, Colette, the author, André Tardieu, ex-Prime Minister, and Henri de Regnier, author. At the large table are Mr. Berry Wall, an American "citizen of Paris," standing, with M. Paul-Boncour, ex-Prime Minister, Sacha Guitry, the dramatist, Marlene Dietrich, the Aga Khan, and King Alfonso

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

TENNIS tournaments on the Riviera have been in full swing. The Hotel Bristol, at Beaulieu, has just had a most successful week, held under perfect weather conditions. "Bunny" Austin has been very much to the fore, while the King of Sweden, partnered by Von Cramm, reached the semi-finals of the men's doubles before encountering defeat, and played a game of which any man of seventy-one, King or no King, should be most justly proud. Miss Ryan, more amazingly sylph-like than ever, had it all her own way both in the singles and doubles; while the King and Queen of Siam were most interested spectators. The latter have now moved from the Bristol to the Californie Hotel, Cannes, where, I am told, her Majesty, with her ladies-in-waiting, is on the tennis court, engaged in most strenuous exercise, at 8.45 a.m. every morning—an example to most of us; but perhaps she retires to bed at a more reasonable hour than is customary here. Mr. Somerset Maugham gave a small literary party at his beautiful Villefranche villa in their honour the other day. Among the authors to meet them were J. B. Priestley and Phillips Oppenheim.

CANNES, having heard whispers of the unparalleled beauty of "Les Girls" at Monte Carlo, decided that they would in no way be outdone. The day before the Monte Carlo girls opened—officially—there was an enormous gala at the Ambassadeurs, Cannes, in aid of the British and American Hospital at Sunnybank, at which the chief attraction were eighteen equally beautiful Hoffman Girls from Paris. Beautiful and acrobatic they certainly are, and on that first night, when they climbed into high swings and swung right over the heads of the diners, the latter were thrilled almost to terror. I am told that the Hoffman Girls are most strictly chaperoned and that they live an almost convent-like existence—I do not know. Anyway, that particular gala was an enormous success: being fancy-dress, half the diners were unrecognisable. M. Marino Vagliano made so admirable a Henry VIII. that many people mistook him for Charles Laughton; among his bevy of fair wives, Lady de Bathe, as Anne Boleyn, received a prize which was thoroughly deserved, for she looked ravishing and full of joie de vivre. Just previously, at the bar, she remarked: "To-night, at any rate, I can have as many cocktails as I like, for in half-an-hour I lose my head." Lady Russell, of literary fame, looked most effective. I noticed Sir Leo Guinness and Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim at her table.

THE same night, at Monte Carlo, the great "M.C." Club, of which Sir Walter de Frece is so able a sponsor, gave its annual Ladies' Dinner. The guest of honour was the Prince of Monaco, and, as usual, the dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole, and was one of M. Scheck's greatest successes, exquisite decorations, marvellous food (a rarity at most gala dinners), and such a good private cabaret. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Furness, Sir William and Lady Lambton, Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, and Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford.

The next night was the opening night of "Les Girls" at the Sporting Club. The dinner was 200 francs a head, and I can pay them no higher compliment than to say it was worth it! Even though, having paid that unusually large sum, there was half-an-hour's wait between dinner and the show, owing to the late arrival of the King of Sweden and his party, who had dined elsewhere; nevertheless, the cabaret was not allowed to start until he came. One quite lovely turn was the gradual emerging of beautiful and unclad young women from enormous ostrich-feather fans. When eventually the fans were discarded, an agitated voice was heard at the next table remarking: "My heavens! *Do* they know the French battleships arrived at Monaco to-night?"

Everyone got together very nicely and we broke up at dawn.

AN original and most successful entertainment was the dance given on board the Letitia, in Villefranche Harbour. She is chartered by the Hellenic Travellers' Association, and is en route for a Mediterranean cruise. The ball was given in aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital, Nice, under the patronage of the Duke of Connaught. It was a perfect night, the ship was beautifully decorated, the champagne excellent, and the haggis (she is a Scottish boat) piped in by a real Scotch piper. This was a picturesque but unnecessary introduction, for it would have found its way alone. Altogether, great fun, even if "cocky-leakie" soup does seem rather a surprising supper-dish. Mr. "Willie" Wessel brought a large party of friends; Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis and Sir Hector McNeal were dancing vigorously; Commodore Louis Beaumont and his wife seemed to be having an excellent time; while among the passengers were Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., Sir James Baillie, Sir John Marriott, and the Bishop of Glasgow.

Before the dance, many of us dined at the famous Negresco Grill, where they are giving a really good and most amusing performance of the French can-can; while afterwards, I 'm afraid, a good many of us did a most cheerful round of the boîtes of Nice, ending up at the Chât Noir, a glorified cellar in the middle of the market, where the songs are quite improbably rude. On emerging, many got their cars inextricably mixed up with crates of vegetables, much to the amusement of the vendors.

President's Prize Finalists

Mrs. Monroe, Mr. Ryecroft, Lady (Martin) Hall and Lord Denman were the four finalists in the golf four-somes tournament for the President's Prize, at Hyères. The Prize was won by Lady Hall and Lord Denman

Gala Party at the Sporting Club

To dine at the Sporting Club and see "Les Girls" is the one thing everybody does in the evenings at Monte Carlo. In the party above are Lady Mortison Bell, Sir Gomer Berry, Mme. Van der Hayden Hauzeur, the Hon. Henry Guest, Lady Berry, Mme. Hauzeur's sister, and M. Louis van der Hayden Hauzeur

Where the Sun Shines Bright . . .

Riviera News, from Hyères to Monte

Below: Lady Lindsay-Hogg is one of Mr. Reginald Purbrick's guests at Cap d'Ail, the villa at Monte Carlo which he has taken for the season from Captain Edward Molyneux. She was wearing a white figured silk dress and coat, with a coloured belt

Miss Peta Davis, who is being presented this season, and Miss Lenore Somerville, a sub-deb, standing outside the Miramar, at Cannes

Above: Miss Elizabeth Jenns, the young English actress, was another member of Mr. Purbrick's party at Cap d'Ail; she was dressed and all set for tennis after bathing in the Mediterranean—it all looks and sounds more like midsummer than March

Right: Miss Nancy Frazer, in a dark blue knitted jumper and pink tweed skirt, on the terrace of the golf club at Mougins. She was on her way from St. Moritz, via Klosters, to Italy

A Racing

An Unlucky Meeting:

CHELTENHAM, the Ascot of the jumping season, started by being, as it invariably is, the greatest fun imaginable. Everybody who is anybody seemed to be there, and there were masses of lovelies to cheer you up after you 'd backed a loser.

CHELTENHAM is never an easy place to make money, and I was given a serious warning not to gamble, on the way to the course. " Just because Wife has managed to secure invitation from dashing blonde Lygon girls, there 's no reason for Worm to show off and bet in ponies. D.B.L.G.s realise wife has married penniless journalist of inferior social standing, and will not be at all impressed."

RAIN was so badly needed that one could not grumble when it came on to pour about an hour before racing started. Unfortunately, though, the rain came on too late to improve the going, but merely made it treacherous, and " the organiser " had some very unkind things to say about it.

THE biggest thrill of the meeting was, of course, Golden Miller's victory in the Gold Cup for the third year in succession. Miss Paget's horse put up a magnificent display and fairly galloped the opposition silly, and proved the truth of my contention, which was that Golden Miller in 1934 is a better horse than ever.

BASIL BRISCOE had the champion looking grand, which was more than I could say for Basil himself prior to the big race. I have seldom seen a trainer looking paler, and I fear that several years are knocked off this able trainer's life every time Golden Miller appears on a racecourse.

Kellsboro Jack was beaten out of sight. I have always maintained that this is a very moderate horse anywhere else than Liverpool, and as his owner has decided not to run him there again, she will find it very difficult to win races with him.

MRS. AMBROSE CLARK, however, is to be congratulated on owning what is, in my opinion, the best hurdler in training, in Swift and True, and I have seldom seen a more impressive display than he put up when winning the Gloucestershire Hurdle Race. This horse has a great future.

THE United Hunts Challenge Cup provided lots of fun and also lots of " grief." I think perhaps the most meritorious performance in this race was put up by Professor Derek Jackson, the eminent scientist, who completed the course on his horse South Africa. The latter was stone cold at the end of two miles, but his owner would not give in and completed the three and a half miles.

CHELTENHAM being so social I feel I ought to deal with this side of it for a moment, at the expense of the horses. In this country the gift of a good-looking daughter invariably seems to inspire fond parents to further noble efforts, with the result that we get batches of good-looking sisters.

FIRST and foremost there were the D. B. L. G.s, there were the Ashley-Cooper sisters, the Comtesse de Pret Roose and her sister, Mrs. Smith Bingham, a brace of Garrards, you couldn't tell t'other from which, and . . .

(1) Lady Lettice Cotterell, one of the tall and handsome Lygon sisters, who arrived in force from Madresfield, and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson

(2) Mrs. Hugh Peacock and her mother, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, walking round together in the rain

(3) Miss Mary Collins achieved the whitest mackintosh of the meeting, and wisely wore Newmarket boots; she is with Miss Pamela Fielden

(4) Lord Normanton looked as if the rain had fallen particularly heavily on him, but was talking cheerfully to Lady Willoughby de Broke

(5) Lady O'Neill, wearing that racegoer's comforter, the Jaeger coat, was off to see what was running in the next race, with Mr. T. Holland Hibbert

" Mackintosh Ascot " : Gold Cup Day at the National Hun

Reverie

By "Regular"

I AM concluding this article after the race for the National Hunt Steeplechase, one of the most sporting events during the whole year. Nobody can think or talk of anything else but the tragic accident to Alan Heber-Percy.

WORDS fail to express one's feelings at this tragedy, and one can only offer heartfelt sympathy to those to whom he was nearest and dearest in their great sorrow. Heber-Percy was one of the bravest men to hounds in the country, and a man who was universally popular. The Cheltenham Meeting of 1934 will always be associated with the death of a very gallant gentleman.

To return to the race itself, the victory of Lord Rosebery's Crown Prince, ridden by his step-son, young Mr. Strutt, gave universal pleasure, though no one seemed to have backed it. Here again we find an element of sadness, when we remember that Lord Rosebery had originally purchased Crown Prince for his son, the late Lord Dalmeny.

I HAVE never seen more falls in one day, and I have seldom known backers fare worse. A well-backed horse had only to appear likely to win for it to fall.

STEEPLECHASING has always been a game fraught with danger, and there were a number of fatalities at the meeting among the horses, which also made us very sad. In every case it was purely accidental and no one was to blame, while a number of our best jockeys were also knocked out.

AT the time of writing, Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Stott, Hardy, Speck, Owen, and Cecil Rhodes are all more or less badly hurt, and although, from the point of view of the attendance and the quality of the racing, the meeting was a great success, I shall always look back on it as one of the most tragic in my memory.

(6) Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, Lord Ashley, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Morrison in the paddock at the Cheltenham National Hunt Meeting

(7) Lady Westmorland had an umbrella to protect her blue suit and hat and short fur coat from the rain; she is talking to Captain Gerard Leigh

(8) Mrs. Henry Somerset was one of the women whom the rain induced to struggle through the day without a handbag; her companion is Lord Digby

(9) Lady Coventry and Lord and Lady Suffield were photographed during a brief fine interval

(10) Mrs. Wetherby and the Duchess of Marlborough, who wore a rust tweed suit and scarf under her white mackintosh, took shelter together

(11) Lady Irene Clark, Miss Victoria Fuller, and Mr. James Clark before the big race and Miss Paget's Gold Cup hat-trick with Golden Miller

eeting at Cheltenham

Grand Cinema

The Curzon Out-Mayfairs Covent Garden

Swaebe

(1) What the floodlit Curzon Cinema looked like from outside on the opening night last week. . . . Cars filled Curzon Street as they do the streets round Covent Garden on Grand Opera nights, and the audience that filled the five hundred seats was of glitteringly social splendour

Below: an artist's-eye view (by Molly Bishop) of the foyer discovered among the crowd Mme. Provatoroff, Capt. the Hon. Richard Norton (with the chin), Col. the Hon. Freddy and Mrs. Cripps, Lord and Lady Weymouth, and, in the foreground, Kay Hammond, Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, Lady Veronica Hornby and Mr. Anthony Hornby

Swaebe

(2) Two views—one reflected from a mirror in the foyer—of Mr. Charles Birkin and Lady Bridget Poulett on their way to their arm-chair seats

Furs and Orchids—and some Escorts—in the Foyer

(3) Lady Honor Channon and her husband, Mr. "Cheps" Channon, two of last year's young-marrieds in the audience, were looking amused

Above: a quartette of the "trade," as seen by Molly Bishop, were the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, John Loder, Miss Penelope Dudley-Ward, and the Marquis de Casa-Maury

Swaebe

(4) Above: the Hon. Micki Hood was with Mr. J. Woolf. (5) Lady Milbanke talking to Mr. James Beck and Mr. Phillips. It was Ciro's extension night and a lot of people went on there later

(6) One of Lord Berners' noted bons mots makes him laugh as well as Lady Diana Abdy

(7) The Hon. Mrs. Loel Guinness and Lord Weymouth were two more who saw "Unfinished Symphony" The Viennese film made the evening a more than worthwhile one, quite apart from its importance as a social function

(8) The Marquis de Casa-Maury, one of the directors of "Mayfair's Own Cinema," and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, who has just been chosen to play opposite Emil Jannings

(9) Mrs. Roland Robinson, Baroness Von Mufling and Mrs. Clarence Gasque went together. Mrs. Robinson, who was Miss Maysie Gasque, is Mrs. Clarence Gasque's only daughter

Swaebe

GOING OUT TO

"The Bystander" in Society

THINGS are improving all over the country. The rain, or some of it, has come, by request of many, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, causing dislocation of traffic in the West End: the Budget will show (or should) a surplus of eight millions against a previous deficit considerably larger than my overdraft; Courtaulds, the barometer of the industrial market, have an increase of one million pounds in their profits; Lord Adare has married an American beauty, and Lord Tennyson has promised to marry another in California: So optimism is rife all the world over. "Lucky old Li," as Lord Tennyson's many friends call him, will be greeted with storms of applause on his arrival again in this country. Quaglino is already preparing an after-the-wedding cake, and reserving that table to the right of the door where the sporting peer has so frequently entertained our loveliest débutantes. Rasputin has been well to the fore lately; most people thought he was well and truly buried beneath the ice of the Neva (or the Dneiper, or the Dneister). Though he popped up again for a short space, I think he has now sunk back again to a well-deserved grave.

NEWS from far and near tells me that Miss Nina Pearson, the attractive blonde American girl who stayed last winter at Claridge's, is "on safari" near Nairobi. She reports that there are plenty of wild animals about, but they grow tame at her approach; she is just off to shoot lions. Mr. Frazier Jelks, who was seen last winter at all Mayfair parties, has done a long tour of Austria, and has found his way out to Kenya, of which the capital is Nairobi. Mr. Sidney Beer has returned from Monte Carlo, and got back in time for the Elgar memorial concert at the Queen's Hall. He was most surprised to find that there was by no means a full house to pay tribute to the memory of our greatest composer. Lady Dunn has returned from Ireland, to find that her bed-room has been painted to her exact requirements—pure white, with dashes of pink, like romantic roses on a field of lilies.

THE most Mayfairish event of the week was the opening of the Curzon Cinema. Let us praise the film, *Unfinished Symphony . . .*, a Viennese film of real beauty; but why cannot the musical effects be better? They are at times very blurred, and in Paris were much better. As it is a musical film, this seems an important point. Sweets and cigarettes were provided for the audience, besides very comfortable seats. Afterwards, a film was shown of the guests arriving at the cinema. The synchronisation of names with arrivals was very incorrect, especially in the case of Lord and Lady Portarlington. However, in the audience one noticed Lady Birkenhead, Lord Moore, Sir Adrian Baillie, Lady Diana Abdy, Lady Gainsborough, Lord Carlisle, and Mr. Cole Porter. White ties are now a very necessary adjunct to these cinema first nights.

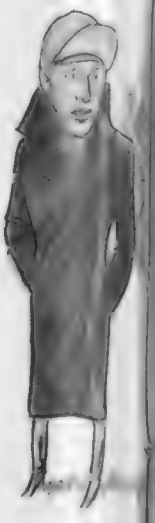
THE Nick Prinseps gave a large cocktail-party at their house in Farm Street, to welcome Mrs. Dudley Field Malone, blonde wife of the famous grey-haired American divorce lawyer. Mr. "Eddie" Tatham brought along the Four Yacht Club Boys: he is responsible for bringing them from New York to sing at the Monseigneur. After they had sung such little ditties as "There's Always Juliet" and a hunting song (Meltonians, please hear), one realised that his responsibility was quite justified. Mrs. "Babe" Barnato, having hurt her foot in Switzerland, had to remain lying on a sofa, but had no lack of attendant cavaliers. Benita Hume and Mr. Jack Dunfee arrived together. Mrs. Jimmie Harris is always an ornament to any party, so were the hostess's Japanese fish, which Captain Arthur Eliot wanted to remove to make a novel "friture" in Punch's!

IN the theatrical world there is the chance of being shocked at the Ambassadors by *The Country Wife*, of being emotionally moved at the Vaudeville by *Nurse Cavell*, whom Nancy Price makes rather fierce-looking, and of being nearly blown into Argyll Street by the jungloid noises and antics of Cab Calloway, with his "Hi-de-hi-de-hi's" and his "Bunky-doodle-i-doh's." I am told it is called scat-singing: it scattered me all right, reminding me of a noisy mincing machine.

MR. PEEPS

Mia Macklin, the twelve-year-old skating gold medallist, who is taking the part of the Diamond in the ballet "The Diamond Merchants of Amsterdam," in the Ice Club Carnival next week

Mr. "Teddy" Hulton and Cartland) at the Ice Club Mr. Hulton made a very charities in aid of which



Below: Miss Gweneth Butler, who has been giving skating exhibitions at Grosvenor House, is taking part in the "Carnival on Zuyder Zee" at the Ice Club

Major John wey, the well at Windmill the Maiden Leap Yeo

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wiggin at the Aldershot meeting. Mr. Peter Wiggin, who is in the 11th, won the Grand Military Hunters' Cup on Royal Gift

GOINGS-ON . .

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mrs. McCorquodale (Barbara Carnival committee meeting. good speech, appealing for the the Carnival is to be held

Mrs. Robert Jardine was looking very handsome at the Committee meeting. She is the Chairman of the Scottish Women's Hospitals' Memorial Association

Combe and Mr. Payne Gall-known G.R., in the paddock Hill. Major Combe won Race at Aldershot on his horse riding a cleverly-judged race

Above : Conrad Veidt, sinisterly good-looking and wearing his eye-glass as usual, was seen having lunch at Monseigneur with a friend

Left : Lady (Hamilton) Grant is another member of the Ice Club Carnival Committee, and her daughter is taking part in it. The Carnival is in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, and the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic at Islington

Woman to Woman

MONDAY nights in London are not usually gay : so many people continue their week-ends till Tuesday. Somehow, the other Monday at the Savoy was an exception. Lady Dalkeith was there, tête-à-tête with one of the many Seelys (which, we are not sure, as they are all so much alike), and was dressed in black, with glittering diamonds. Lili Damita, also in black, with large taffeta frills round the shoulders and round the bottom of her dress, was with Mr. Hugo Brassey; also June Hanké and her husband (newly weds). Miss Bunting Stephenson and Miss Patsy Crawshay were others to be seen. The latter has a walking-on part in *Here 's How !* Mrs. Edward Compton didn't pass unnoticed, and was with an eye-glassed companion. Mr. and Mrs. Glyn (he 's a nephew of Lady Wimborne) were with the Antony Actons ; Mrs. Acton had not got on her well-known black pearls. Sir Anthony Weldon's young brother was with one of " Les Girls."

DRESS shows are in full swing once more, and some of them are showing us some terribly attractive clothes. Some people are cleverer in their choice of mannequins than others. Full marks to Mrs. Sheila Livingstone-Learmonth, on whom no garment could look anything but attractive. Mrs. Charles Graham, who usually slaps faces (*i.e.*, gives face massage) from early morn to dusky eve, had taken the afternoon off to perform in one of these shows, and looked lovelier than ever. The Comtesse de Pret Roose came to have a look at the clothes, dressed in a bright royal blue dress and hat, and dyed ermine. She was with Mrs. Philip Dunn, who was another well-dressed person, in black and silver fox. The Hon. Mrs. Schreiber—what a good-looking woman she is !—brought her husband, Captain Schreiber, who probably felt a bit out of place ; anyhow, he did not stay long. Débutantes were conspicuous by their absence ; dowagers were well to the fore.

MRS. FRANK STANLEY-CLARKE is quite one of the most attractive of the young-marrieds. She looked enchanting the other night in a lovely brocade with long sleeves ; green was the predominating colour, but there was lots of gold about and a certain amount of pink. She is a tiny person and has got a strapping daughter of about ten months, called Antonia, and at least one day a week she is to be seen pushing the most enormous perambulator in the Park. Her husband was with her that night, and also the Eric Martin-Smiths—she in dirty pink (the colour, not the dress), with silver beads sprinkled about on it. She had those diamond clip earrings in her ears which are so fashionable but so painful.

MISS BABA BEATON was also to be seen—another wearer of pink—with her fiancé, who has recently returned from foreign shores. She had a gold halo on her head, and is one of the very few people who look really attractive in them. Just because the things are a craze at the moment, women stick them on their heads quite regardless of whether they have got the right shaped faces or the right expressions. Lady Georgie Curzon was looking particularly lovely in flowered chiffon, in the same party as Sir Hugh Smiley, the proud father of a son and heir. Mr. Simon Elwes, about the best-looking young man in London, brought his sister, Clare, with him. One of the Paravicini sisters was also in the party ; she is a person who really does know how to put on her clothes, and what suits her.

THERE was a woman at Aldershot Races apparently trying to compete with Miss Primrose Salt's military ear-rings, by having hers made of miniature swords and sabres. Actually, she did it as a joke. Miss Violet de Worms was there in a check suit, with her skirt ankle-length—most unpractical. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Morgan Jones were there, having come over from their new house at Windsor. She was looking charming in our old friend, the Jaeger coat (hers was obviously brand new and out of her trousseau) and that shade of bright dark blue that suits her so well. Mrs. Peter Wiggin, in red and white checks and blue fox furs, went wild with excitement when her husband, on Royal Gift, achieved another victory.

MRS. PEEPS

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides:

By "Big Ben"

A GOVERNMENT is judged by its figures, not by statistics. If it was the other way about, the National Government would not be suffering from the liability of its face value. Mr. MacDonald no doubt understands the times. It is up to him to disarm his critics by reshuffling his Cabinet. Many assert that it is not a reshuffle that is needed, but a fresh pack.

AT the moment, all the brave little men who prefer orders to initiative are prating of loyal support for a strong lead. It is a safe card to play and draws applause.

MR. A. L. BATEMAN, M.P., I remember, walked up and down Bond Street last year with a coronet on his head, but nobody followed him; nobody hailed him; nobody even stopped him. We are an unenthusiastic nation. Then Mr. Doran, M.P., announced that he was in strict training. But you have to be a boxer or a racehorse before anyone pays attention to that sort of talk.

WHY do I have to put "M.P." after these gentlemen's names? Our legislators, surely, should be known to all of us. But, so far as at least half the House is concerned, in their goings-out and comings-in do we notice them; at other times are they hidden from us.

MR. CHOTZNER has had enough of Parliamentary life. He is sixty. For four years a Judge of the High Court in India, in 1931 he fought his first election in the Upton Division of West Ham. He turned over ten thousand votes, but he is giving up. Who will succeed him? It is not a hopelessly Socialist seat. It was Conservative in 1924, but there must be something enervating about West Ham. In 1929 the sitting Member said "No, thanks," and didn't fight again.

CAPTAIN MARGESSON started it. He sat for Upton in 1922, was defeated in 1923, and was off to Rugby for 1924. The bulldog breed who don't know when they are beaten have a remarkable nose for sensing defeat.

I WONDER if East Ham North will bother about a new safe? The burglars who broke open the old one and found only three pounds inside must have been Socialists with misguided ideas as to their opponents' Party funds. The Member for the Division, Colonel Mayhew, who has always acted on the principle that the early bird catches the worm, must have overslept that morning.

THERE is a how-de-do in Lichfield, where Tories will be Tories. Dr. Johnson would be pleased; though I have no doubt that Lord Stonehaven is telling them that "a wise Tory and a wise Whig should agree."

AND what of Hanley? I cannot believe that the eighteen thousand-odd Conservatives who sent Mr. Hales to Westminster will have read the result of his Calcutta lawsuit with very much relish.

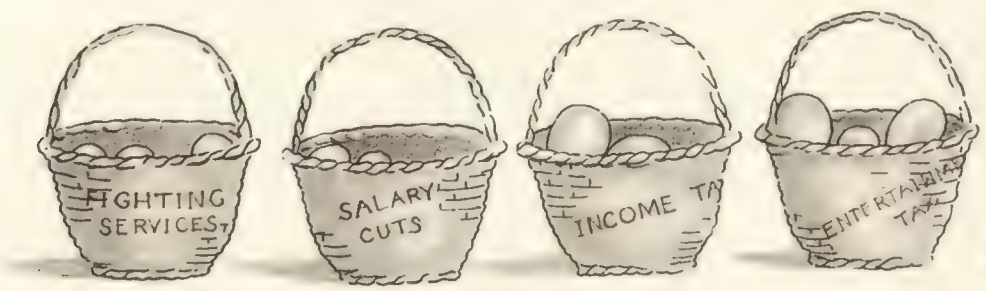
CAPTAIN CAZALET has come back from India and announced to all and sundry his conversion to the Government's White Paper scheme. I do not recall any very violent attack made on it by Captain Cazalet before he sailed away. Surely it is not so much a case of conversion as of confirmation? I suppose Miss Cazalet will follow her brother's lead. But, when all is said and done, two swallows don't make an Indian summer.

THE Commons often enjoy themselves after closing hours. On the adjournment the other week we had on one day the Conservative Right Wing attack on Lord Brabourne; on another, the Socialist Left Wing pleading for the marchers. Cases of walking out and walking in. Lord Winterton spoke from a great height at Mr. Donner, but though Mr. R. A. Butler did his brief very well, Mr. Churchill delivered the last blow, with a promise of further hostilities to come.

CAPTAIN HAROLD BALFOUR enjoyed himself and delighted the House in his attack on Sir Herbert Samuel. It was well done. Many Members, down in their constituencies for the week-end, found it invaluable. One wants something to fall back on now that the Co-operative scare has been scotched by the truth from the Treasury.

A FORTNIGHT more and we shall be up for Easter. It is pretty certain now that the Chancellor will not put all his eggs into one basket. Last year it was the turn of the bottle. One hopes this time for something even more satisfying.

Below: Mr. Neville Chamberlain having been presented with several surplus eggs it is suggested that all of them will not be placed in one basket if the Nation as a whole is to be satisfied



Here's Health

THE tang of the ocean air makes the Kentish hop flavour of Whitbread's Pale Ale exquisitely refreshing. A famous luxury world cruiser starts her voyage with ten thousand bottles in store. It is popular in all climates, and never changes in brilliance and tone.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

Issued by Whitbread & Co., Ltd., Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. I.P.S.

GRACEFUL and flowing lines distinguish this lovely evening gown of printed crêpe de Chine which has a matching cape. It is a Patou model and may be obtained from the gown department of Marshall and Snelgrove

A NOVEL feature of this model is the detachable basque and cape of stitched satin. These are worn over a simple gown of crêpe romain which has a high neckline in front. A Lanvin model from Debenhams

ROSEVIENNE designed this attractive gown with bustle and train which can be obtained from the model gown department of Swan and Edgar. It is made of a soft ribbed silk and the model is in pale aquamarine blue

New Spring Models

BLACK taffeta with a satin stripe in it makes this adorable dress which comes from the small women's department at Harrods. It is a Maggy Rouff model and has an attractive frill around the neck and puffed sleeves, while the tight bodice is gathered down the front and held by a clip

A WOOLLEN dress and short fitted cape in bright blue wool from Lucien Lelong has a knitted scarf and ribbed belt of wool in a contrasting colour. Pockets are inserted into the pleats on the hips

THIS Patou model is called "Cocktail Dry" and very excellent it would be too for any cocktail-party. It is made of black crêpe de Chine and has a three-quarter length coat with a rounded yoke trimmed with innumerable little loops and buttons. Harrods' small women's department have it

Recipe for busy women

..take the Morris!

Particularly for a woman, owning a Morris means a fuller life and a freer one. She's always in touch with shops and schools and friends and 'shows,' however peacefully isolated at home. And then, she can feel so confident at the wheel: gears are so simple; brakes so reassuring. There's nothing about a Morris to demand special concentration: just a pleasant feeling of responsive understanding all the time. Very, very satisfactory, ... *and the whole secret is Balanced Motoring—that carefully planned combination of perfectly matched qualities found in every Morris car.*

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Right: E. S. Whelpton, who formed the Club in 1877 together with J. C. Isard

"Tallow" Godfrey, the Vice-President

Back Row: "Dippy" Lee, "All" Alliston, "Stan" Hargreaves, "Rosie" Roseveare. Middle Row: "Skipper" Holloway, "Bert" Porter, "Lennie" Lumsden, "Gus" Green, "Kate" Kilner, David Holloway, "Chinge" Hutchins, Dick Fletcher. Front Row: "Ducky" Taylor, Eddie Morris, Bobbie Thynne

"Josh" Whelpton, the Club President

Leslie Rigg, the Club Secretary

The Oldest Old Boys "Rugger" Club

Lights of the Old Leysians depicted by H. H. Harris

POINT-TO-POINTS HERE AND THERE

ROUND

(1) Mr. Tom Hanbury, Mr. Clive Stoddart, and Miss Joan Eve at the Sparkford Vale Harriers point-to-point at Babcary

(3) Miss Rosemary Schweder, Mrs. G. H. Phipps Hornby, and Mr. Pattie at the Sparkford Vale Meeting. Mrs. Phipps Hornby's Donnel was third in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race

(5) Miss Anne Lloyd, Mr. J. H. Fox, and Miss Jocelyn Wingfield watching a race at the Oxford University Gridiron Club point-to-point

(6) Lady Violet Astor, Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton at the Gridiron meeting, at Showell Farm, Little Tew

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

(10) Countess McCormick, Phillips Holmes, and Elizabeth Allen at the McCormicks' house in Hollywood. Phillips Holmes has been over in London on holiday, and took Douglas Fairbanks Junior's house for three weeks

(2) Miss Villiers (one of the four sisters), Miss Vernon, and Mr. Seymour Evans, who was riding but did not win, at the Aldershot Bona-Fide Military Meeting

(4) Miss Jacqueline Hughes and Miss Violet de Worms were photographed at the first day of the Aldershot meeting

ABOUT . . .

WOMEN AND HORSES

(11) A new picture of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, the famous painter of animals, on her Arab horse, Mustapha, who is her most handsome model as well as her escort and transport on her frequent painting expeditions

(13) Lady Helen, Lady Margaret, and Lady Mary Stewart, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's three unmarried daughters, who all hunt astride, on their way to the Quorn meet at Pickwell

THREE FISHERS . . .

(12) At the Flyfishers' Club dinner at the Savoy, to celebrate the jubilee of the Club: Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, the guest of honour, Mr. Hedley F. Norris, President of the Club and one of the four original members still alive, and the Hon. Mr. Justice Luxmoore

(14) Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P., Mme. Jacquet, one of the organisers of the Ice Club Gala held on February 14th, and Lord Ratendone

OUT WITH THE QUORN

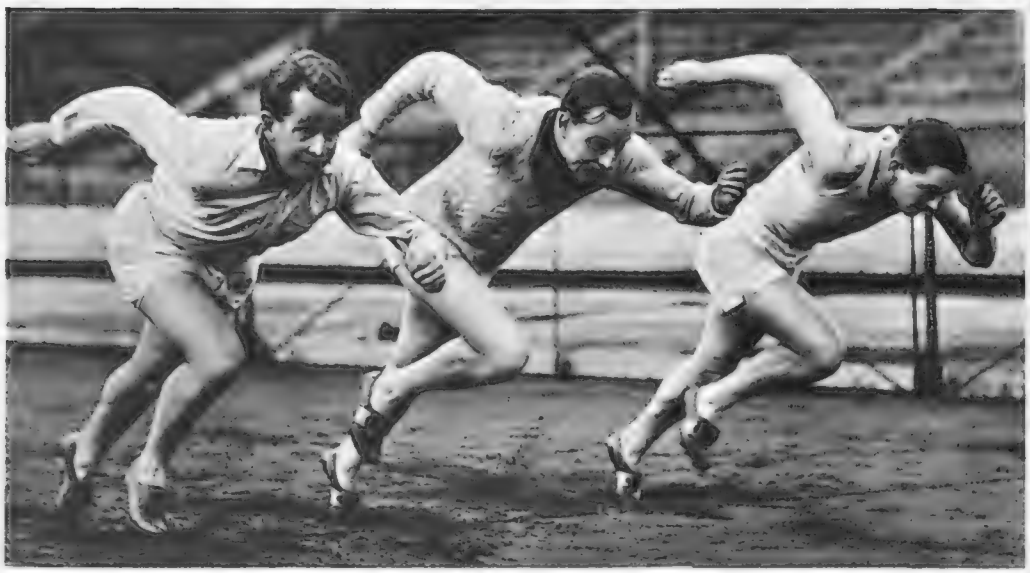
(7) The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy-Fane, the Earl of Westmorland's sister-in-law, took her two children, Tony and Daphne, to the Quorn meet

(8) Mrs. Weber Brown passing the time of day with Mrs. F. A. Pearson before the business of mounting and moving off from Pickwell, where the Quorn met

(9) Lord Stanley and Lord Londonderry on their way to Pickwell. Lord Londonderry's eldest daughter is the wife of Lord Stanley's brother, the Hon. Oliver Stanley

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"



Cambridge Undergraduates in Full Flight

J. C. Horsfall, D. L. Rathbone and C. J. E. Betty practising a sprint start, preparatory to the Inter-'Varsity Sports, which took place at the White City Stadium last Saturday

The All-Conquering Shorts

Miss F. Roberts, wearing the popular shorts, playing in the Women's Doubles Championship were held, in addition to the annual Inter- affords an added attraction, at the Royal Horti-

Early Preparations

J. W. Hearne, the Middlesex all-rounder, practising for the coming season at the Cricket School in the basement of Thames House, Millbank

I SUPPOSE I'm bound to discuss the Boat Race this week. After all, those of us who don't propose to follow the crews, since we wish to make sure of arriving at Twickenham for the Calcutta Cup match before the gates are shut, those of us who are so blasé will at least be desperately anxious to hear the result. There is the outside chance of an Oxford victory, despite the misfortunes, in the way of injuries, and illness which have dogged the Oxford crew.

I hope, by the way, that Oxford will settle down happily in their new boat, which had to be built in record time for them last week to accommodate A. V. Sutcliffe, the 14 st. 3½ lb. coach. Sutcliffe's weight sent me delving back into the history of the race, and I find that before this year the heaviest stroke who ever rowed was David Raikes, the Oxford stroke of 1921. His weight was a mere 13 st. 4½ lb., so that Sutcliffe is an out-size with a vengeance. Incidentally, the prominence given to the size of the 'Varsity strokes just now may help to dispel the popular delusion, encouraged by cartoonists, that rowing men are invariably extremely muscular heavy-weights. In 1881 A. H. Higgins, the Oxford stroke, weighed only 9 st. 6½ lb., and in the whole story of the race until this year there are only seven men on record who have weighed 14 st. and over. The heaviest was J. J. Toogood, who rowed in 1829 for Oxford at the respectable weight of 14 st. 10 lb.

THIS takes us back to the origin of the Boat Race, for it was in 1829 that a meeting of the C.U.B.C., held in Caius College, passed a resolution to the effect that:

"Mr. Stephen Davies (the Oxford boat-builder) be requested to put the following challenge in some conspicuous part of his barge: 'That the University of Cambridge hereby challenge the University of Oxford to row a match at or near London, each in an eight-oared boat, during the ensuing Easter vacation."

The challenge was accepted, and Oxford, after a certain amount of subtlety, won by several lengths in a boat which looks, in contemporary prints, rather like a life-boat.

I cannot resist quoting from some of the accounts of early races which make quaint reading. In 1858, for example, we read in the minutes of the C.U.B.C. that: "The water was very lumpy up to the Crab Tree, owing to a wind against the stream and the 'boil' made by some fifteen heavily laden steamers. Scarce was the word 'Off!' given when Mr. Thorley, the Oxford stroke, caught a very fine fish, which knocked him back into seven, and completely brought their eight to a standstill. The Cantabs at this time had a slight lead, which they lost directly afterwards by fouling with their port-oars a barge which lay at anchor in their course."

'Varsity Golf

J. H. Johnson, of Oxford University, and R. Thairwall, of Walton Heath, who met in a foursomes match at Walton Heath, when the home team won by ten matches to five

Seen at Badminton

ith her partner, Miss M. B. Isherwood, the Badminton, Championships, which ational England v. Scotland Match, which ltural Hall, Westminster, last week

A Trio of 'Varsity Boxers

Left: R. H. S. Cloutson (Stowe and Brasenose), the Oxford University Boxing Captain, who competed in the Light Heavy-Weights against Cambridge. Centre: Lord D. Douglas-Hamilton (Harrow and Balliol), who boxed for Oxford as a heavy-weight. Right: P. J. Oppenheim (Harrow and Jesus), a light-weight and Captain of Cambridge University. The contest was held at Cambridge

Poor Mr. Thorley! There is, I think, a trace of smug satisfaction in the phrase which describes his accident, though the subsequent disaster to Cambridge is not only a commentary on the indifferent work of the cox, but on the crowded state of the river. And now, in case Oxford lose again on Saturday, let us console ourselves in advance by recalling the fact that in 1911 Oxford produced a crew which won in the record time of 18 min. 29 sec. What is more, the crew were exceptionally backward and ill-assorted until they arrived at Putney, where Mr. Gold pulled them together miraculously. Which just shows that you never can tell.

One of these days there will be a disaster at the Boat Race. A friend of mine proposes to follow the race in an aeroplane, and he tells me that over a hundred aeroplanes, to his knowledge, will be following the race. Imagine, then, the perils of the air when a hundred pilots are watching the river and forgetting the congestion around them! Seriously, the prospect is a little alarming.

To jump from Putney to Lord's, the Jardine mystery advances a stage further with the definite information that E. R. T. Holmes is to captain Surrey this summer. This plunges us into further controversy, though, for if Jardine is not available, why do the Surrey authorities deprive themselves of the services of P. G. H. Fender, most astute of modern captains? Fender may be past his best as a player, but he is still capable of the quick fifty or the valuable wicket, and his leadership is superb. He is in a nursing home at present, but he tells me that there is nothing seriously the matter with him.

In the meanwhile, if Douglas Jardine is not to play much cricket, and therefore, presumably, not to captain England, who is to take his place? Some say that R. E. S. Wyatt is the man, and if keenness and concentration are the essential qualities, Wyatt has them in abundance. I suppose there is no cricketer in England who takes the game more seriously than Wyatt, but, to my mind, he lacks that touch of inspiration which makes the great captain.

Another candidate is C. F. Walters, who has ended the M.C.C. tour in India at the top of the batting averages with 49 as the figure to his credit. He is a possibility, and so is B. H. Valentine, though he is not yet experienced enough. Still, there is no doubt that Brian Valentine is being gently led by those in authority towards the cares and responsibilities of captaincy, and he has the personality which will make a second A. P. F. Chapman of him in due course.

Congratulations to our stable-mate, the *Sporting and Dramatic*, on its sixtieth birthday. We have had a pre-view of its Diamond Jubilee Number (March 17th), and a wonderful effort it is. The cover has been specially painted by A. J. Munnings, the famous R.A. Among the many other pages in colour are a portrait of the greatest of cricketers, W. G. Grace, and a reproduction from a contemporary print of Jem Mace, the last of the great knuckle fighters and world champion in the 'seventies. W. Smithson Broadhead contributes two paintings: a souvenir frontispiece depicting the *Sporting and Dramatic* jockey, in the paper's racing colours, riding through time on the winged horse Pegasus; and an imaginative picture of Becher's Brook, with a present-day rider being led over the famous jump by the ghosts of Grand National winners of the past. Other colour-work includes a cartoon by Gilbert Wilkinson of the great sportsmen of to-day gathered in the Hall of Fame, and photographs of Fred Archer, Gordon Richards, Steve Donoghue, and Mornington Cannon. Among the articles is one from Mr. E. Somerville Tattersall, in which he selects what he considers the best horses on the Turf in the past sixty years. Perhaps, however, the outstanding feature is the section which traces, in photographs and early drawings, the history of sport from 1874 to 1934. In these pages are recalled the outstanding events of sixty years of racing, cricket, Rugby and Association football, yachting, golf, rowing, lawn tennis, and many other sports and games. The "Dramatic" section of the *Sporting and Dramatic* has also not been forgotten.

A Crack Athlete

C. F. Stanwood, the Oxford hurdler, practising over the high hurdles on the Iffley Ground, preparatory to the contest against Cambridge

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Cup that Cheers

Lieutenant H. J. Sayers (Army) handing off Midshipman G. H. B. N. Hunter (Navy), while Paymaster Sub-Lieut. J. K. Watkins (Navy) runs forward to help in the defence

The Army in Possession

The Army Beat the Navy at Twickenham

Lieutenant H. Rew, the English International forward, heads a dribble for the Army, which might have become dangerous had not the referee, seen on the right of the picture, found it necessary to blow his whistle

THE great match is upon us, and next Saturday Scotland come South to meet the old enemy at Twickenham. Since 1870 the two countries have fought it out, and of the 55 matches played Scotland have won 23, England 22, and 10 have been drawn.

Last year, you will remember, Fyfe snatched an opportunist try for Scotland, at Murrayfield, and so won a match which was certainly not distinguished for brilliant football. Scotland were sound enough forward, but singularly inept behind the scrummage, even when Gerrard and Burland, the English centres, were limping and virtually helpless in the second half.

We are all hoping to see a better game on Saturday, though if anyone else asks me whether I have a couple of tickets to spare I shall scream loudly and utter strange oaths. The demand for tickets has been phenomenal, partly because this is the first and only international match at Twickenham this season; partly because an English victory would mean that England had come through the season undefeated, for the first time since 1927.

IT will be a great occasion, then, and there is always a flavour about the Calcutta Cup match which no other game produces. Even the most blasé of us will go down to Twickenham in a state of amiable excitement, and parade behind the West Stand, laying the odd sixpence here and there with those misguided enough to differ from us about the probable result. One perfervid Scot has already put his money down, I happen to know—two to one on Scotland in threepenny bits—but that I take merely as an example of fanatical patriotism. In due course, I hope to take the threepenny bits as well.

It seems to me that, barring a sudden outbreak of influenza, croup or sleeping sickness in the English team, England should win with something to spare. I write this before the English Selectors have made known their team to a waiting world, but I cannot imagine that they will startle us with many changes. J. A. Tallent, perhaps, will come in for R. A. Gerrard, who has been crocked recently; C. Slow may take the place of W. Elliot at stand-off half, though I rather doubt it; it is possible, I suppose, that D. A. Kendrew and C. Webb will return to the pack.

Actually, I cannot believe that the Selectors will tamper with the pack which did so well against Ireland. The first two rows have fitted together admirably; Longland, Gregory and Rew make a brick wall in front, and Dicks and Forrest lock the scrummage and give weight to the second row. Dicks, incidentally, is the most improved forward in the country, and even if C. Webb were fully recovered from his injury and in his best form, I doubt whether it would be wise to drop Dicks.

As for the back row, if Hodgson is fit, he, Hurdern and Fry are lively and intelligent enough to make life a burden for Logan and Cotter, the Scottish half-backs.

IT is upon the forwards, by the way, that we rely for an English triumph. The English attack is quite good, as dangerous, at least, as the Scottish attack, but it is not so brilliant that it can pull a match out of the fire behind a beaten pack. What is more, Scotland's weakness lies in the scrummage, if we may judge by the evidence of the games we have seen at Murrayfield.

Not only has the actual scrummaging, the packing, binding and shoving been deplorable this year, because specialist forwards have been played in their wrong places, but the Scottish forwards seem to have forgotten their most elementary duties in the loose. Never before have I seen Scottish forwards leaning up against loose mauls with their heads in the air, but that terrible sight was constantly visible in the Irish match.

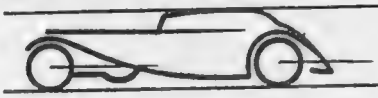
It may be that these same Scottish forwards will rise to the occasion; indeed, I expect this to happen, for men like Beattie, Allan, Stewart and Ritchie will surely settle down to it at Twickenham, and Watherston is a back-row forward who will give the English stand-off half a packet of trouble. Even so, we are entitled to argue that England will out-scrummage the Scotsmen sufficiently to secure an English victory.

ASSUMING, though, for the moment, that Scotland do hold their own forward, we are bound to admit that their backs are formidable. Logan, at scrum-half, is playing excellently this year, and he forces his way from the scrummage and passes under pressure in the most disconcerting manner. Cotter is a decided improvement upon K. T. L. Jackson at stand-off half, a quick, glancing, adventurous player who brings thrust and initiative to the attack.

Lind we all know as a brilliant opportunist, and the centre suits him, while Dick, the other Scottish centre, is twice the player he was in the Cambridge team, and he was useful enough then. With increased confidence, though, Dick is just doing the things which he was always on the verge of doing before Christmas, and the odds are that he will have a hand in at least one Scottish try on Saturday.

WHY the Scottish Selectors left out J. A. Crawford instead of switching the adaptable Fyfe over to take Shaw's place on the right wing is inexplicable; but there Fyfe is, instead of the determined Crawford on the left. Fyfe is a fine footballer, and must be treated with respect; Shaw is the G. W. C. Meikle type of runner, swaying, swerving, elusive, but not powerful. For all that, this is a fast, clever, resolute back division, and if the Twickenham turf is firm and dry the sparks will be flying.

ALVIVACITY—



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H.P.

Music (and all That)

Violinists' Well-Worn Tracks: By "Melos"

Pearl Freeman

Adela Verne

the well-known and much travelled pianist, who lately gave her first recital at the Queen's Hall. She is described by Paderewski as "the little woman who plays like a big man"

ENGLAND is being invaded this early spring by world-famous violinists. Bronislaw Huberman is here. Kreisler is on a long provincial tour, and so is Heifetz, who gave a superb performance of the Brahms concerto, with Sir Thomas Beecham and the L.P.O., the other Sunday afternoon. But England offers them very little of her native music to play beyond the lovely Elgar concerto and the less well-known concerto of Delius. Since even the most eminent violinists confine themselves to well-worn tracks, it is unlikely that this lack of British music worries them; they play the Brahms concerto with unfailing regularity—it is a work I have heard seven times this year, and Heifetz, Kulenkampff, and Szigeti have just played it within a few days of each other.

The Beethoven concerto, the Tschaikowsky concerto, the César Franck sonata, and the sonatas of Grieg figure in their repertory to the exclusion of almost everything else. I am glad, therefore, to hear that Heifetz is persuading William Walton (who sees so much of the Sitwells that he is beginning to look like one) to write something for him. The suggestion came from Sir Hamilton Harty, who recently returned from America on the same boat as Heifetz, and waxed enthusiastic to him over Willie Walton's gifts.

Walton's best-known work of recent years is his oratorio, "Belshazzar's Feast," which is full of vigour and colour and is a conspicuous and successful instance of adapting the modern idiom to classical form. He can write for the violin and viola, and has a practical knowledge of those instruments.

THE Elgar Memorial Concert at the Queen's Hall was impressive in its way; but I felt that it should have been a much larger and much more representative affair. Not an affair, of course, of vulgar "pomp and circumstance," which would have been out of keeping with the wishes of a great and very modest man. But as this was virtually the equivalent of a Westminster Abbey service, eminent musicians should have been present, some sort of ceremony might have been observed, and the whole programme should certainly not have been in charge of only one conductor—Dr. Adrian Boult. Dr. Boult is very sound, and he secured, all honour to him, a vivid and noble performance of the E flat symphony, which is vivid and noble music. Yet it was a pity that some of Elgar's old friends, Sir Landon Ronald and Sir Henry Wood, did not also take part in the proceedings. A fine opportunity missed.

Mr. Albert Sammons played the concerto with that obvious love for this beautiful work which he has always shown, and in the slow movement many members of the audience, even some of the hard-boiled critics, were emotionally affected.

I SEE that the Athenæum Club has elected, *honoris causa*, under Rule II., Professor E. J. Dent. This is a distinction rarely accorded to musicians. Professor Dent, who is Professor of Music at Cambridge, is thin and reddish-haired, with pronounced features, pince-nez, and a keen love of Mozart, about whose operas he has written a well-informed book. A year or two ago he emerged from academic obscurity by reason of the protests he drew down on himself for having written disparagingly of the music of Elgar in a German musical dictionary. He dismissed Elgar in a few lines and suggested that his music is not liked in England.

Musicians of standing at once wrote a letter to the Press as a counterblast to the Professor, a letter which was also signed by such distinguished "laymen" as Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Bernard Shaw. In short, there was a deuce of a row.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR, by the way, was never a member of the Athenæum, though he had many clubs—Brooks's, the Garrick, the Beefsteak and the Savage. Some of these he resigned shortly before his death, when his health began to fail and visits to London became more and more rare.

Professor Dent will have as a companion at the Athenæum (also a Rule II. member) Mr. A. A. Milne, who has brought the child-like fragrance of Christopher Robin and Winnie the Pooh into the august atmosphere of that corner of Pall Mall.

NO music in the world could be further from the warm-bloodedness of Elgar than that of Stravinsky, whose recital of his own compositions with M. Dushkin, the violinist, drew a rather meagre audience to the Queen's Hall.

Stravinsky, particularly in his latest phase of composition, writes icy, spiky little themes, the general atmosphere being cold, mildly contrapuntal, and arid in the extreme. His earlier style, to which belonged those fine works, "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird," is, I think, preferable. One world-famous conductor has described Stravinsky as a composer who was once a genius and has now become a man of talent.

It seems a just estimate. Perhaps he will soon make up his mind to become a genius again.

Paul Tanqueray

Igor Stravinsky and Samuel Dushkin

the famous composer and violinist, respectively, who gave a concert at the Queen's Hall of Igor Stravinsky's compositions

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

Dorvyne, Paris

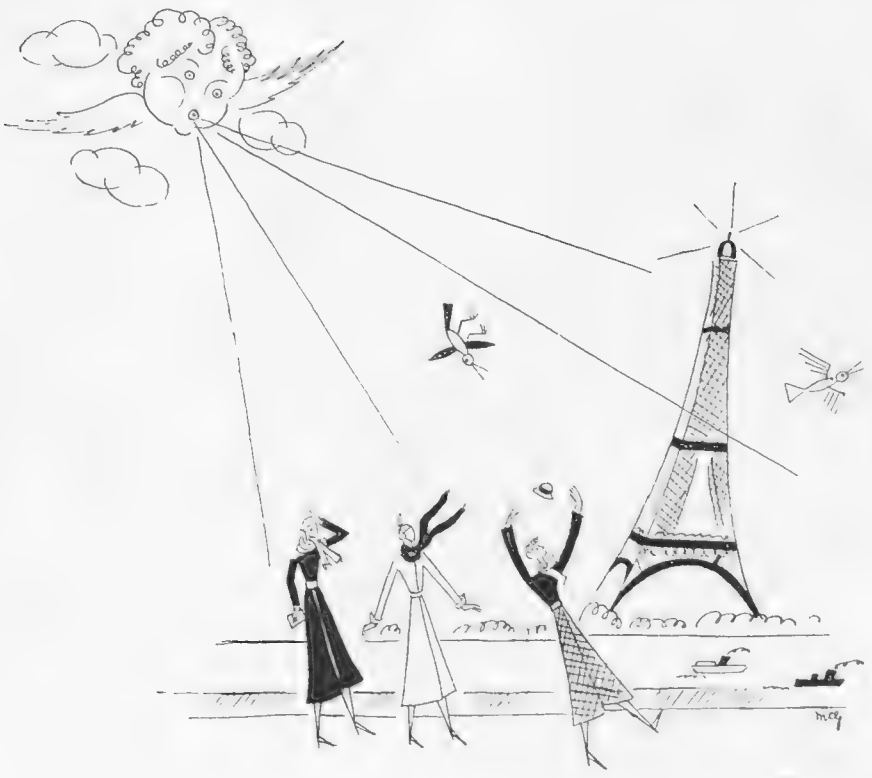
SEÑORA DE MUÑOZ, the lovely Russian wife of the Secretary to the Spanish Legation in Berne, posed specially for "The Bystander" in this unusual ensemble from Alix Barton. The classic gown is of navy blue and silver striped lame and the long coat is of a rough, loosely woven white linen. Richard Sands have this coat

PALE grey crêpe romaine makes this distinguished dinner gown from Lelong. Gold threads are twisted into the knot at the high neckline in front and the wide bands which cover the shoulders continue into a cowl at the back

A DRAMATIC gown from Marcel Rochas is carried out in heavy black ribbed silk with huge circular flounces of white organdie embroidered with gold sequins

ONE of the loveliest gowns of the season is this Augustabernard model made of stiffened chiffon in the palest shade of water ice yellow. Four widely spaced gathered sections starting on the left hip give increasing volume to the skirt, which flows out behind into a train. The bodice is absolutely plain and the modest V in front is finished by a simple jewel

The photographs on these two pages are by Dorvyne, Paris



Bond Street and Thereabouts . . .

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

THERE is so much to say at the present moment and so little space in which to say it, that this week's commentary can be little more than a series of announcements and a few remarks thereon. Some idea of what we are going to wear may be seen from the four accompanying pages and from the two coloured drawings on pages 480-1. Let us enumerate the essential details of this season's line. Our evening gowns have trains, there is no doubt about that, though their skirts may be voluminous or clinging, of transparent tulle or of heavy silk just as we wish. Our décolletages may be high in front or square, but our backs are ruthlessly exposed. Capes accompany both our evening gowns and our morning dresses; sleeves are moderate in size but immoderately popular; flat sailors are moored to our heads by ribbons or elastics; brims are to be reckoned with and straw has returned very shiny and well ironed; skirts are about the same length as ever but they can, for evening, have uneven hems; the three-quarter length coat is almost a uniform, but it has less swagger and many follow almost redingote lines. Fullness is massed behind for evening but pleats replace godets during the day; materials are as unexpected as they are perverse, wool is woven to be as transparent as tulle, tulle is checked like gingham, linen is used for evening wraps, etc. I haven't room for more.

Taken alphabetically here is a guide to some of the more important dress shows in London:

Marjorie Castle: Showing March 21st. Ready-to-wear clothes only, dresses, suits, lingerie and négligés.

Corot: Now showing. Particularly good one-piece woollen dresses with matching or contrasting three-quarter-length coats. Two will be illustrated next week. All may be obtained on deferred terms.

Debenhams opened early and are showing new collections in all departments. Particularly noted was a brown check tweed coat and skirt with a three-quarter length unlined cape to match. Lovely evening gowns, striking example shown on page 480.

Fortnum and Mason: Showing now. Excellent selection of model gowns to order, also ready-to-wear tweed suits from 8½ guineas.

Finnigans: Now showing new sportswear, tweed suits and good selection of hand-knitted woollen jumpers.

Harrods: New collections in all departments, two from the small women's illustrated on page 481. Especially good selection of the new flat sailor hats. Sports department has large choice of Easter holiday clothes; a linen suit from this department will be shown next week.

Harvey Nichols: Showing now. If you want a long skirted cocktail dress get the black Mainbocher model with the attached short coat, excellent for dinner, the theatre or formal afternoon wear. To be illustrated next week. Also a great friend of mine, Mrs. Beecham the well-known flower seller in Piccadilly, is there tomorrow with her basket of flowers, but instead of selling them she will give them away together with a copy of Harvey Nichols' new fashion magazine. Run along quickly and secure one.

Jaeger: Showing now. Look out for their Paisley silk dresses and for mohair tweed coats.

Leathercraft: Alex Lord showing most attractive suède coats and skirts, long coats and matching hats and gloves.

Marshalls: Showing now. Model department has excellent range of Paris model gowns and Mrs. Reading, their clever *directrice,* will give you personal help with your dress problems. Look carefully at the lovely flowered crêpe de Chine gown shown on page 480.

W. W. Reville-Terry Ltd.: Now showing spring collection designed by Elspeth Champcommunal; lovely and wearable clothes, excellent use of three-quarter-length coats and fur capes with simple woollen dresses.

Peter Robinson: Now showing new models in all departments.

Victor Stiebel: Opening to-day with new spring collection. Report of collection next week.

Woollands: Showing now. Very good ensembles of figured silk and coloured woollen coats and skirts and three-pieces.

M. G.

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarn & Fabrics, and Proprietors of the Trade Mark Celanese **British Celanese Limited, Celanese House, Hanover Square, London W.1.**

Tanqueray

THIS attractive blue checked dress is woven of Lastex yarn which makes it easy to slip on and to move in. It will always snap back into place and keep its line. Gwynneth Lloyd, the new Gaumont-British "baby" star, wears it, and it is a Matita model from the Sports department at Harrods

Cannons of Hollywood

ABOVE, right: Mrs. Lance Sieveking, the wife of the author and play-producer at the B.B.C., wears one of the new flat brimmed hats from Suzy, which appear to derive as much from George Robey's bowler as the cure's hat, and are kept on by an elastic

Tanqueray

GWYNNETH LLOYD looks enchanting in this white organdie dress from Marjorie Castle. It is sewn all over with a flower design in fine gold thread and with it she wears a glass and gold diadem. An exquisite gown and coiffure for any débutante

MONTE CARLO

● . . . "to frisk a little with lighter footsteps and bounding heart along the flowery ways of attuned gaiety is to sip the finest elixir of life. It was at Monte Carlo that I, with a few million others, first realised that."—E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW,
and stay at a good hotel from ten shillings a day.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Amateur Soldiers, Great and Small

By A. G. Macdonell

Captain Liddell Hart is, without question, the most original and provocative of all living students and writers of military history and the theory of war, and it is a fortunate circumstance that the writing of the authoritative biography of an astonishing soldier should have fallen to him. The war of 1914-18 produced hardly a single professional soldier of outstanding merit in any of the rival armies, and on the British side it is just, I think, to say that, with the exception of Allenby's campaign in Palestine, not a single British enterprise was well conducted by a professional. On the other hand, an amateur of genius was produced in Lawrence of Arabia. Captain Liddell Hart, in his book *T. E. Lawrence* (Jonathan Cape; 15*s.*), makes it perfectly clear that this small archæological student had made a comprehensive study of the theory of war, and had fastened upon the essential doctrines of a great soldier which had been completely ignored by all modern leaders. Marshal Saxe was the great exponent of mobility, and Lawrence accepted him as a teacher rather than Napoleon, with his theory of masses. When he went eastwards into the deserts to organise the Arab Revolt, he applied this theory with such astounding results that a handful of irregulars racing about the desert on camels was able to occupy the attention of many thousands of Turks. On one occasion, by brilliant manœuvring and this amazing mobility, Lawrence put out of action 1200 Turks at a cost of two men killed. After the war came disillusionment, when politicians in Paris set to work to ruin what Lawrence had done for the Arabs, and it was a bitterly disappointed man who renounced all idea of ever being a leader again and enlisted in the ranks of the Air Force. There are many who think that Lawrence is simply a poseur. They should read Captain Liddell Hart's fascinating study, and they will realise how wrong they are. There are many others, far more, who believe that if Lawrence had the desire he could come out into the open as a leader who would reconstruct our tottering society, and bring order out of impending chaos. But has he the desire? That is the question.

Miss Radclyffe Hall is a writer with a powerful and variegated imagination, and in her new book of short stories, *Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), both her power and her variety have scope. The story that gives its name to the book is "a brief excursion into the realms of the fantastic." The beginning part of it is the nucleus round which much of *The Well of Loneliness* was written, and then the story plunges into a mixture between the weird inventions of Mr. Algernon Blackwood and that story of Kipling's about the bank-clerk who could remember fragments of his life as a galley-slave in a previous incarnation. Miss Ogilvy, elderly spinster, who had commanded brilliantly a woman's unit in France, comes home to a dreary, stifling life in rural England. Then she has a vision of a cave in an island; she goes to the island, and has another vision of herself as a huge, prehistoric man, strong and powerful, making love to a girl in that cave. And in the morning Miss Ogilvie is found dead in it. Then there is the tragedy of poor Fräulein Schwartz, the little German who lived in a Pimlico boarding-house and gave German lessons and whom nobody loved, except a kitten she had rescued. She poured out all her frustrated love on this kitten, and then the war came, and the servant-girl in the boarding-house was seduced by a soldier, and in a fit of wild hysteria laid all the sins of the world on the head of the only German within reach, and so she poisoned the kitten, and Fräulein Schwartz threw herself into the river.

Janet Jevons

Godfrey Winn

Whose new book, "Fly Away, Youth," was published last week. This is a sequel to his previous novel, "Dreams Fade." Social life is the background of his latest work, and many well-known people are mentioned by name

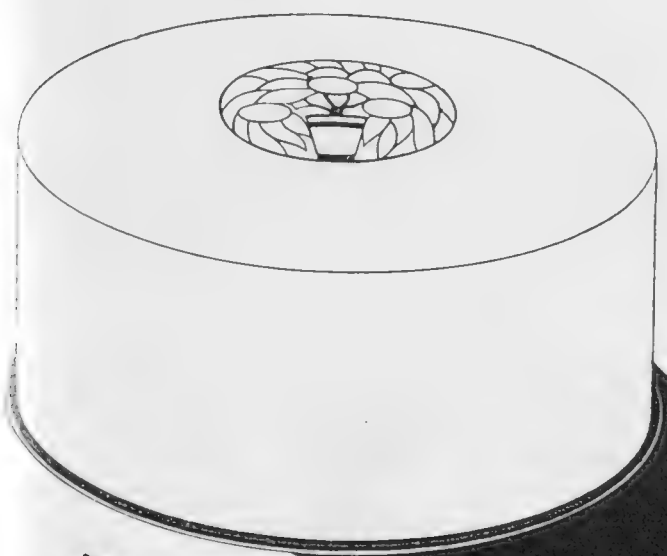
But the most terrible of all is left to the last. *On the Mountains* is an extraordinary story of passionate love and passionate hatred. Its power is almost in the class of Conrad, and its suspense and its increasing tension is the work of a dramatic master, as it rises to the final climax on a mountain-peak in the Carpathian Mountains.

It only happens seldom that a reviewer is justified in reviewing a reprint of a book, but the publication in a cheap edition of *The Barber of Putney*, by Mr. J. B. Morton (Philip Allan; 2*s.* 6*d.*) is definitely one of these occasions. For *The Barber of Putney* was the first war-book written by a private soldier serving in the ranks. It was published fifteen years ago, at a time when everyone was so utterly sick of the war that no one spoke about it in drawing-rooms or read about it in books, and *The Barber of Putney* did not receive a tenth of the praise and attention that it deserved. Then, later on, when the war receded, a great mass of literature came tumbling out, and sold in hundreds of thousands. The barber was a typical little Cockney soldier. He left his little business in Putney and he marched about the country and he learnt his rifle drill, and then he went to France, just like any one of the three or four million others. He lay in the mud, he carried rations and bombs, he went out into billets, he made roads, and he went over the top and saw his friends killed around him. And all the time he kept that queer sense of humour which, for some strange reason, the dismal slums of foggy London seem to breed, and go on breeding for ever and ever. *The Barber of Putney* is a profoundly moving book because it is the simple story of a very simple soul, and there is none of the brutality and the bogus psychology and the propagandist meanderings which disfigure so many of the later books about the war, especially those written by Germans.

It is not for me to dive into the intricacies of High Finance, but it certainly would appear that the depreciation of the pound sterling has been, in one way, at least, a godsend to the shipping companies. For holiday-makers simply cannot endure the torture of changing a pound note into francs and seeing seven-and-six go automatically down the drain, and from this revulsion from agony has sprung the vast popularity of the pleasure cruise on English liners, where a pound is still a pound. Messrs. Barker's new book (*The Treasure Book of Pleasure-Cruising*, by Mr. Gilbert Rumbold, 5*s.*) is therefore particularly topical and welcome. It is a guide for those about to pleasure-cruise, and it contains a glossary of nautical terms and advice, such as: "Whenever we sail the ocean blue it is entirely essential to forget such terms as 'left' or 'right'"; there are instructions on how to recognise types of other ships; the flags of the main shipping lines; the art and rules of various deck-games; the technique of going ashore (a very complicated business); and many other extremely valuable hints on deportment. The book is really admirable for its purpose, and it is written with a simple, naïve, undergraduate sort of humour which is so disarming that it cannot irritate, and it is delightfully illustrated, rather in the style of the famous catalogues of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, by the artist, who, for some obscure reason, never signs his name to the witty drawings.

IT'S A PROOF OF PERSONALITY . . .

To maintain a standard of luxury in little things remains a necessity with women of quality. We, Makers of Perfumery de Luxe for a century past, are content to maintain *our* standards of quality for Poudre Roger et Gallet at a price necessarily a little above the contemporary mass productions . . . because our tradition of aristocratic intregrity admits of no half-measures.



PARIS LONDON

Poudre Roger et Gallet

ODEURS: *Le Jade, Pavots d'Argent, Feu Follet and Eau de Cologne Jean Marie Farina. Price 3/-.*

SHADES: *White, Naturelle, Rachel, Rachel Foncee, Ocre Rose and Aurore.*

THREE SHILLINGS A BOX

ROYAS 41

"The Bystander" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES (1934)

At Wentworth

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (10th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1934.

Holders: MRS. H. GUEDALLA and MISS A. REGNART

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 2nd, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 4th.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd, 1934.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Tenth Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, April 10th, 1934

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth with

Mrs. / Miss .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / Miss .....and *Mrs. / Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

"The Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (12th Year)

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1934, will be held at Birkdale, by kind invitation, April 17th and following days.

Holders: MRS. A. P. BLAND and MRS. JOHNSON

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before April 2nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

BIRKDALE — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Twelfth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 17th, 1934, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....

of..... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / Miss .....

of.....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 13th to Royal Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, 4101 Southport.

HOTELS

"The Bystander" headquarters will be the **Royal Hotel, Southport.**

Special Terms:

Room, bath and full board, 16/6 each person per day.
Room, bath, breakfast and dinner, 15/.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N. P. F. A. Competition (3rd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. PLATT

Particulars will be announced later.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MARCH

Name *Mrs. / Miss* .....

Address .....

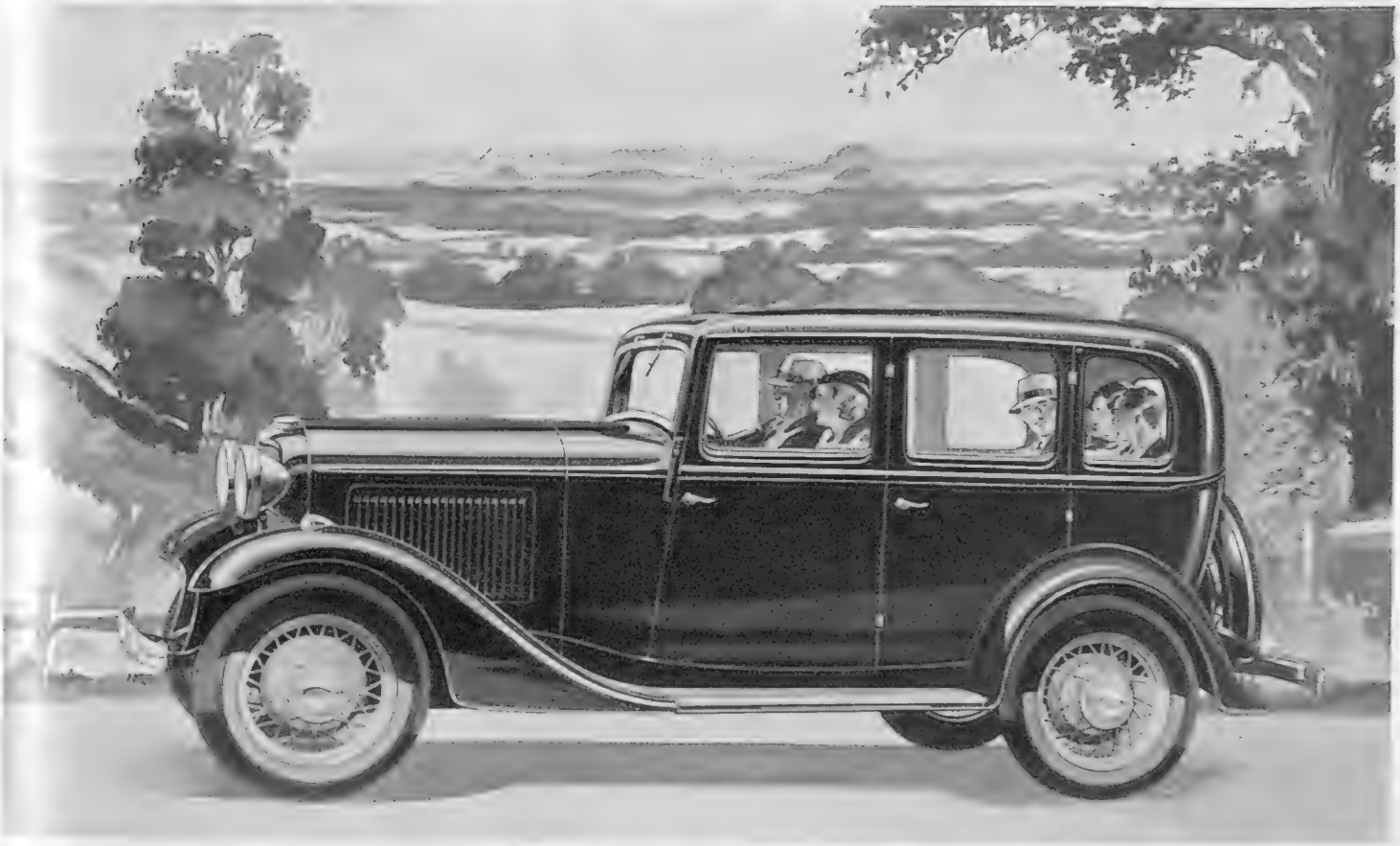
.....

★ ★ ★ *EFFECTIVE MARCH 1st, 1934*

Reduced £16 In Price,

Increased Substantially in Value,

IS THIS NEW Ford FOURTEEN



The New FORD FOURTEEN Saloon de Luxe, **£199** *for the "Full" Family Five-Seater, Completely Equipped, at Works, Dagenham*

REDUCED PRICES

Saloon (2 Doors)

£172

Saloon de Luxe (4 Doors)

£199

Prices of Other Ford Passenger Cars Remain Unchanged.

OUTSTANDING FEATURES

Ample Power, *from the smooth, sweet-running engine with the counter-balanced crankshaft;*

Comfortable Roominess & Luxurious Upholstery, *plus Liberal Equipment, in the lastingly safe, silent and strong body-construction;*

Resplendent Weather-Proof Finish Externally, *with wings, etc., rust-proofed before enamelling;*

Synchronised Gear-Change, *with Silent Second Speed for traffic-threading;*

Score-Proof Non-Squealing Brake-Drums;

Rubber-Mounted Power-Unit; New Lamps;

Jar-Free Steering, and Adequately Large Tyres;

Yet the Saloon de Luxe (4 Doors) illustrated, costs only £199, at Works, Dagenham. Saloon (2 Doors), £172, at Works.

Permit us to forward literature describing the Ford Fourteen in detail, and the address of the nearest Dealer. He will give you a really informative road-trial, and explain Ford Facilities, with fixed, low charges for repairs, and replacements with genuine Ford parts, made from highest-grade materials, and interchangeable to a thousandth of an inch.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Left: Redvers Oldham
"Stand and Deliver!"

Below: Colonel C. D. Burnell, D.S.O.
He'll be there on Saturday

THIS is the week of the annual appeal for the Stock Exchange War Wounded Entertainment Fund: the appeal squad has been formed and is out patrolling for donations. It 's not necessary to say much about the Fund; everyone knows that the money raised goes to provide entertainments in the hospitals themselves, and that the value of these entertainments to the men who form the audiences increases in the same ratio as the years that divide us from the war. The Fund is one of the few concerns that publishes a balance-sheet and charges nothing whatever to expenses beyond stamps for cheques and the cost of printing the report. Last year the Fund provided about eighty concerts, including the Christmas Day effort, when forty artists visited Queen Mary's Hospital and gave performances in all the wards.

SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, the president of the appeal committee, has issued a special message to the stewards, urging them to even greater efforts than usual. The stewards are a formidable body, led by Brigadier Spencer Weston, who had a brigade on the Rhine, and is vice-president and chairman of the appeal committee; it includes Colonel Greenwood, D.S.O., Cyril Frisby, V.C., one of the keenest of tunny fishermen, who is expected to get a record catch for the Fund, as he is very popular, Major "Rory" McNair, the tennis international, and one of the regular collectors who can be sure of a good "net," and John Cohen, who only has to change his sandwich-board from "Help Yourself" to "Help Your Wounded." He has been appearing in *Eight Bells*, the S.E.D.O.S. show which ended its short but highly successful run at the Scala last Saturday.

FRANK HARBURY is another steward; we wrote last year about his wonderful head for figures—he 'll be in his element collecting columns of pounds, shillings, and pence. Redvers Oldham stands so near Cyril Frisby in the market that they will probably help each other land their big fishes for the Fund. Leonard Booth has always done well in the gilt-edged market. He is the elder of the three Booth brothers who are in partnership together; they all, together or singly, hunt, shoot, fish, play cricket and golf, as good Englishmen should, and are a most popular trio. Harry Bates (with the large family) can be counted on to pick all the available plums out of the chartered market for the good cause. There remains only to mention Basil Wilson, who is another gilt-edged market steward, and R. B. FitzGerald, who is a partner in the firm whence "Goddy" Godwin, the hon. treasurer, hails. And to add that, although subscriptions come almost entirely from within the House, if any reader of this page feels disposed to send in a little something, he will receive a most grateful acknowledgment.

THE Stock Exchange Servants' Sports Club had a dinner a week or two ago at which the waiters turned up in full force, and also several members, one of whom was "Eddie" Gosling. The dinner was held in the City; we 're surprised that the waiters didn't want to escape from the financial atmosphere of every day by going west of St. Paul's. Not everyone knows that waiters are so called because they really were waiters in days gone by. There was an eating-room underneath the House, where the settling-room now is, and there is a view taken that the bar in the Consol market was once the sort of bar where drinks and sandwiches could be bought. Anyway, the general public, who have heard of waiters and think of them as the black-coated, stiff-shirted kind, aren't, historically, so far wrong.

MENTION of "Eddie" Gosling reminds us that there has been another of those stories going round the truth of which it is so difficult to discover without asking the principals themselves. This story relates that as Mr. Gosling was coming in through Capel Court, where the final work on the Alliance Building is being done, a workman upset a bucket of water over him. The Government broker's remarks to the workman are reported as having been couched in far from financial terms. As someone (probably several people) said, if the accident had been a deliberate one, the workman could hardly have chosen a more distinguished target.

OUR third picture is à propos the Boat Race. Lt.-Col. C. D. Burnell, D.S.O., has umpired the Boat Race several times, is an old Oxford rowing Blue, and has coached the Oxford crew in his day. Now he lives at Henley, and does a lot of beagling. Being an all-round sportsman, he takes an interest in most ways of taking exercise, and last year was chairman of the London to Brighton Walk dinner; everyone remembers the witty speech he made that evening.

A BROKER recently went into a well-known hotel, and asked what were the lowest terms for members of the Stock Exchange. "Overpaid parasites," was the reply.

THERE is one unlucky investor in the House who is known as "the Toreador." They say he 'd kill any "bull"!

Cyril Frisby, V.C.
Another good beggar

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G.H.Q. for Parkstone

A view of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, the headquarters of the players competing in the £500 Golf Trophy at Parkstone, on April 7th and 8th. Full particulars will be found on page viii

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Walker Cup Problem

I MUST start this week with a warning. As we expected, entries are coming in fast for THE BYSTANDER Tournament, and you are very strongly advised, if you intend to compete, to enter immediately; for we are compelled, owing to the form that the Tournament takes, to limit the number of entries—and this limit is rapidly being reached.

I notice that in the issue of *Golf Illustrated* dated February 23, there is a leading article pointing out that golfers can do something towards assisting the large number of unemployed in this country by sending their cast-off golf clothing for the benefit of these men. The idea is a good one and should be supported. As the Editor of *Golf Illustrated* points out, there is in every golf club a great deal of apparel which seemingly belongs to no one: it is left about, is never used, and has, apparently, no owner. Apart from clogging up the changing-rooms, it is of no possible use to the club or its members: and after a reasonable time it would be a very good idea for all these garments to be handed over to the unemployed.

A CORRESPONDENT has written to me a letter which may bring a new and rather interesting discussion into being, and although I would recommend missing the first and last paragraphs, I am giving it in full:

DEAR MR. FAIRLIE,

I enjoy reading your golf articles in THE BYSTANDER so much—especially those discussing the selection of the Walker Cup team.

But I cannot understand you giving in without any comment last week to the criticism of those who think Michael Scott should not be selected. Leaving aside the fact that he is Amateur Champion, and as such should lead the team, he is one of the finest foursome players in the country on account of his accuracy and imperturbability, ripe in experience, which is a great asset at St. Andrews, and as champion would meet Dunlap, whom he has beaten before, and so holds a considerable psychological advantage.

However, to revert to another type of selection, is there any golf club in the country which can produce as good a team as St. George's, Sandwich? I would back the following side against any team you or anyone else could select from this country.

C. S. H. Tolley, Hon. M. Scott, T. A. Torrance, R. W. and W. L. Hartley, Douglas Grant, Robert Harris, D. H. R. Martin, T. A. Bourn, and L. O. Munn. Players as good as E. Martin Smith, A. S. Peech, N. A. Keith, and others, could be reserves. I would be very interested—and surprised—if any club, even St. Andrews, could put forward a side as strong as this.

Again, may I express the pleasure I get out of reading your weekly articles.

Yours sincerely,

ALEXANDER ELLIOT.

I, PERSONALLY—as I have previously stated—am in complete agreement with my correspondent that Michael Scott has at least very strong claims to be included in this year's Walker Cup side, if not an actual right. I agree with my correspondent that Michael Scott is a very good foursomes player and, as I have before attested on this page, I have had personal experience of this quality. But I think he is one of those about whom it would be better to wait until very much nearer the time of the match before finally selecting, for Michael himself would be the first to withdraw from any team if he was not at the time playing up to standard.

I must say that the more I think about this Walker Cup selection business, the more I am inclined to suggest that although six or seven of the team, being automatic choices, should be selected straight away, yet, for the remaining place or places, four or five players should be kept in view, and those playing best at the time included, even if only on the day before. I have heard a great deal of nonsense talked about the immense added strain which this entails on the players themselves, and, as I have just said, I think that it is nonsense. If a man knows that he is on the fringe of a team he will do his very utmost to join the team for certain, and it may be that he will be better that way and reach a higher standard of golf than he would in merely practising, knowing perfectly well that it was an absolute certainty that he was going to play.

THERE is one point in the letter, however, with which I cannot agree, and that is where my correspondent says that Michael Scott would play Dunlap, whom he has beaten before, and so would hold a considerable psychological advantage. Personally, I think the advantage to Michael would be only slight, for Dunlap is not the sort of person who would worry over a previous defeat: in fact, I am inclined to think that it might even spur him on to a great effort in order to get his revenge. But the point is this: Michael, if he were to play at the head of the team, would almost certainly not meet Dunlap. Mr. Elliott has evidently forgotten that in the American Walker Cup side not only the Amateur but also the Open Champion of America is included. Obviously, the Open Champion will take precedence.

It is to the last half of his letter, however, that I draw attention. The trouble, of course, about this question as to which club has the strongest side has always been that it is so difficult to decide which club a player properly represents. Tolley, Tony Torrance, the Hartleys, and, indeed, all the other players mentioned, all belong to other clubs as well as to the Royal St. George's, and some of them are definitely more intimately connected with other clubs than with St. George's. Of the side mentioned by my correspondent, I suggest that only Michael Scott, Douglas Grant, Robert Harris, and D. H. R. Martin are really and truly St. George's players. Torrance, I should say, is more intimately connected with Addington; the Hartleys equally with Chislehurst, and Lionel Munn, in recent years, with Deal.

At one time, West Hill had a tremendously strong club side, which has now fallen off somewhat, but this side again was composed of players belonging to several clubs, many more intimately connected with some other than with West Hill. Sunningdale, at the moment, has an extremely strong side, but is frequently represented by players who also play for other clubs.

Left: J. O. H. Greenby (Oxford University) and the Hon. C. Russell (Walton Heath). Right: K. A. S. Morrice (the Oxford Captain) and G. E. Beharrell (Walton Heath). Played at Walton Heath; the home team won by 11¼ to 6¾ matches

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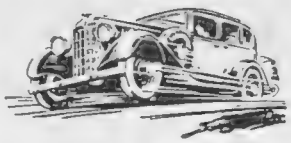

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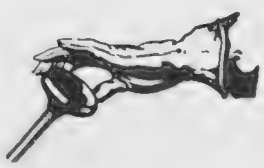

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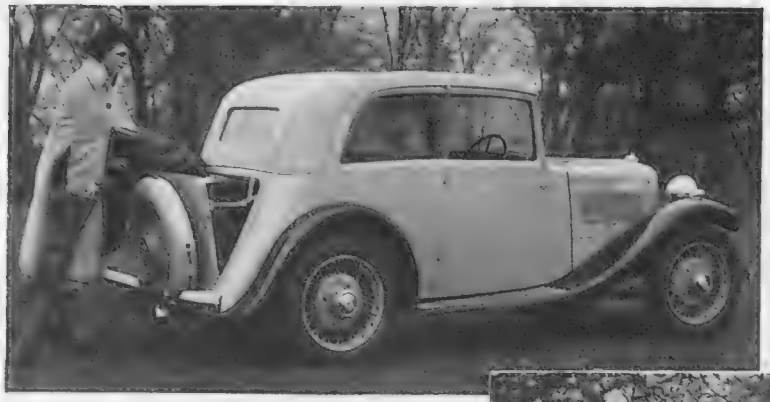
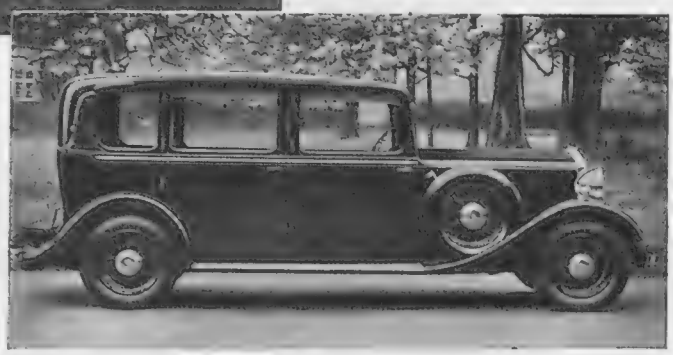


The new Armstrong Siddeley "Twelve" Sports Coupé, priced at £285

New 21-60-h.p. Wolseley

THE 1934 range of Wolseley cars has been extended by the addition of a 21-60-h.p. long-wheel-base chassis, available as a landaulette or limousine. In either case, the price is £650. The engine of the new car is an overhead camshaft six-cylinder, taxed at £21. The wheel-base of 11 ft. 3 in. and track of 4 ft. 8 in. allow bodywork of ample dimensions to be fitted. The car has been designed to provide the maximum of travel comfort. An automatic clutch, working in conjunction with a synchro-mesh gear-box and a free-wheel, allows genuine "one-foot control," whilst gear-changing, of course, is absolutely simple and silent. The specification includes everything which is the last word in automobile refinement. Full accommodation for seven persons is provided in both the limousine and landaulette—three on the wide rear seat, two in the driver's compartment, and two on occasional seats facing forward. When not in use these seats fold flush into the partition behind the driver; attached to them are concealed foot-rests, which can be pulled out when required. The rear seat is provided with a deep central arm-rest, which folds flush into the squab when three passengers are carried on the rear seat. An unusual amount of head-, leg- and elbow-room is provided. The single glass panel which divides the two compartments can easily be raised or lowered by a single winder. The exterior finish and interior appointments are of the highest quality, and either model represents a most handsome and comfortable motor-carriage for town or country use at a moderate price. Various internal finishes in finest quality cloth, cord or leather are available, with black, deep blue or maroon as the main exterior colours.



The new Wolseley 21-60-h.p. Long-Wheel-Base Landaulette, details of which appear on this page

Women Drivers in the Bournemouth Rally

LOOKING through the list of entries for the Rally, it seems strange that women account for under fifty of the 400 or only about 12 per cent. of the total number, though, of course, many of them will travel as passengers and may be nominated as reserve drivers. Ten per cent. of these feminine enthusiasts have chosen the new Armstrong Siddeley Sports "Twelve" (illustration above) for the event, probably for its comfort, ease of handling and high cruising speed.

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LADY MEMBERS

Ladies can become Members of the Club—the subscription being £12 per annum which includes the Tax, and each Lady Member is entitled to one extra Lady's Annual Badge. The Entrance Fee has been suspended.

GENTLEMEN MEMBERS

Gentlemen also pay £12 per annum—including Tax. There is no Entrance Fee at present and Gentlemen Members are entitled to two Lady's Badges.

Flat Racing commences at Kempton Park at Easter (**Sat., March 31st—Mon., April 2nd**), when a very important Meeting takes place and the highest class Racing may be witnessed. This will be followed by the **Jubilee Meeting, May 11th and 12th,** and other fixtures during the Spring, Summer and Autumn.

The Jubilee Meeting is considered the most popular and the most fashionable Spring function where all Society forgathers.

All who are interested in Racing should see the new Luxury Stand and the wonderful accommodation it contains. With its modern Bars, Lounges, Drawing-rooms and Restaurants, it is the last word in Racing luxury.

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Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Foursomes, London and Kent

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I WONDER if it is typical of what competition golf will be this year that the London Foursomes should have attracted a record entry? At all events, so it is, and no fewer than forty-four clubs have entered for battle at Stoke Poges from the 13th to the 15th. There is quality as well as quantity, for the Lady Golfers' Club will be represented by Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Dorothy Pearson, and I do not seem to remember any other occasion on which the reigning English and Open champions have played together for any club.

Of course, there are a good many people who think that the Lady Golfers' Club, having the pick from everywhere, ought not to be allowed to enter for London Foursomes, *Star* Tournament, or any of those inter-club events originally intended for those who had a course and clubhouse of their own. There is a good deal to be said for that contention, but, personally, I shall be quite inclined on this occasion to forget it for the pleasure of watching what Miss Wilson and Miss Pearson together can make of Stoke Poges. We see all too little of both of them in competition golf, and, from all I hear, shall see still less of Miss Enid Wilson, as the fiercer forms of the game have lost all attraction for her and she will only be a spectator at Porthcawl. She has a great affection for Stoke Poges course, contracted in her Girl Championship days, and though Miss Pearson's valuable pitch-and-run shot is likely to be rather at a discount there at this time of year, I cannot quite see who are going to beat the Lady Golfers' Club. They start off with Royal Mid-Surrey, and that in itself ought to be an extraordinarily interesting match, because they are playing Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton. If these sisters can produce anything like the golf which won them THE BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes last October, not even our champions could possibly hold them lightly, and since they have all to gain and nothing to lose, the Misses Barton can surely go into the business with sufficient lightness of heart to acquit themselves well. Miss Pam, the younger, has been given rather a heavy baptism of fire at the top of the Surrey second team, and her sister, lower down in it, has so far had the greater success. They have both been having lessons from Archie Compston, and nobody denies that they are now young golfers to be watched. A good many, no doubt, will be watching them at Stoke Poges.

Left: Mrs. H. E. Wilkins and Mrs. H. A. Haigh Smith; right: Miss D. Gregory and Miss H. Wilson, four of the competitors who recently took part in the Kent Women's Foursomes, a meeting which was held at the Foxgrove Golf Club, won by Mrs. Beane and Mrs. Dermer

THE holders, Thorndon Park, have that excellent pair, Mrs. Garon and Miss Joy Winn. Having studied the draw carefully, with a proper proportion of brackets and lines, it looks

(Continued on page vi)

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Women's Golf *(Continued from page iv)*

to me as if Camberley ought to come through the top quarter with Miss Gourlay and Miss Chambers as their pair; L.G.C. through the second, Thorndon through the third, and Addington through the fourth. Let me hastily add that I mean no disrespect to all those splendid couples who may lurk in unsuspected quarters, whose individual names are at present unannounced. Something, for instance, may depend on whether Miss Diana Plumpton has really recovered from the bad motor accident she had a few weeks ago. Mrs. Crosthwaite and Miss Nancy Halsted might make a very dogged pair for Banstead, or Mrs. Clarke and Miss Mary Peech for Worplesdon. Perhaps I had better not plunge any deeper in the prophetic mire. One thing is safe to say: that it is sure to be a cheery party with Mrs. Kenneth Morrice running it. And Stoke Poges' greens were so liberally watered last summer that they should surely have had a better chance than most of withstanding the drought.

We women golfers are really very brave the way we plunge into foursomes so early in the year. Perhaps it does not give anybody a chance to be at their very best, but that need not mean a lack of good fighting, and good fighting always means good fun. So it undoubtedly was in the semi-finals and finals of the Kent Foursomes at Foxgrove. The last day, too, was extremely cold and conditions were anything but easy. The only former winners left in, Miss Doxford and Mrs. Major, had some rather self-inflicted misfortunes—including a stymie of that genus—and were beaten on the last green by Miss Doxford's sister, Mrs. Stanley Adams, and Mrs. Porter, to whom they were giving seven strokes. There was a last-green finish, too, between Mrs. Beane and Mrs. Dermer, and that match included an air shot and a mud bath. The final was quiet in comparison. Mrs. Beane's side was giving six strokes and always looked like doing it, 4 and 3 being the margin of their win. It was a very popular and suitable ending, as both of them are members of Foxgrove, and the old club had acquired a sort of additional melancholy interest because of its approaching decease. A new club has been formed, but, naturally, the old members think it can never be the same again. That, of course, remains to be seen, but at all events a municipal course and club must naturally leave less room for one of the normal kind and none at all for big competitions, such as Kent County fixtures.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions

Fifteen Spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

February Monthly Medal Results

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S. S.
Miss A. N. Greene	La Moye	80	16	64	70	6 below
Mrs. MacLeod	North Hants	79	5	74	75	1 "
Miss B. Lees	Huddersfield	81	5	76	77	1 "
Miss Joan Rat liffe	Mullion	76	6	70	71	1 "
Miss M. Dixon	Cleveland	82	8	74	75	1 "
Miss E. Farnsworth	Coxmoor	86	15	71	72	1 "
Mrs. Fane	North Hants	90	16	74	75	1 "
Miss A. Blunn	St. Anne's Old Links	81	7	74	74	equal
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	84	10	74	74	"
Miss P. Handley	Huddersfield	90	13	77	77	"
Mrs. W. H. Chegwyn	La Moye	86	16	70	70	"

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Eileen Ashton	Worsley	79	4	75	74	1 above
Miss Monica Ratcliffe	Mullion	83	11	72	71	1 "
Miss M. M. Stamp	Exmouth	85	13	72	71	1 "
Miss M. Wick	Beverley	88	15	73	72	1 "

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. L. R. Harrison	Timperley	92	28	64	75	11 below
Mrs. S. A. Laming	Royal Calcutta	94	28	66	73	7 "
Miss M. E. Biddle	Bedford and County	104	36	68	75	7 "
Mrs. Crampton	Hillside	94	28	66	72	6 "
Miss L. Nelson	North Hants	98	29	69	75	6 "
Mrs. N. M. McCann	Royal Calcutta	99	32	67	73	6 "
Miss E. H. Sharp	Derbyshire	89	20	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Donald Fraser	North Hants	92	22	70	75	5 "
Mrs. W. Vans Agnew	Royal Calcutta	98	30	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Toynbee	Goodwood	104	34	70	75	5 "
Miss E. W. M. Wyatt	East Herts	103	36	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Watt	Derbyshire	104	34	70	74	4 "
Mrs. E. Lewis	Oakdale	106	34	72	76	4 "
Miss P. McVitie	Huddersfield	109	36	73	77	4 "
Mrs. Nicoll	Hockley	89	19	69	72	8 "

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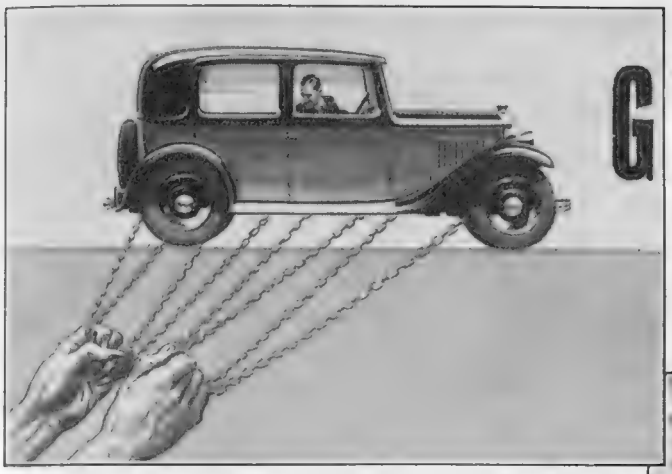

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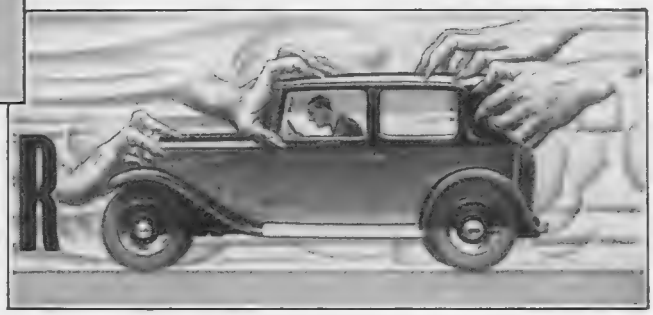

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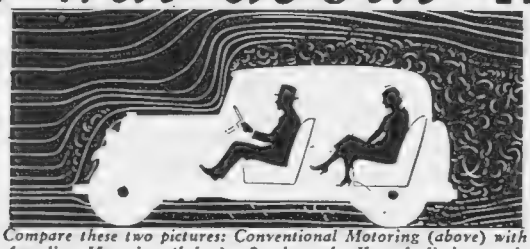

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Flying is the Talk of the Day: By Charles Ward

Home Defence is Air Defence

THE defence of this country is in the hands of thirty-nine squadrons of the Royal Air Force, a totally inadequate number if one accepts the fact that Home Defence means Air Defence. We are relying on the continuance of friendly relations with France and on the use of that country's air force to defend England in case of attack. The fact that we are the fifth or even sixth-rate air power, explains the decline of our influence at the Disarmament conferences, and our point of view cannot prevail until we are re-established as first in the air. This need not mean being numerically as strong as the country with the most aircraft, because our technical superiority is still beyond question. The official excuse for the small increase in size of the R.A.F. in the present Estimates, that accommodation in the nature of aerodromes and buildings is unequal to more rapid expansion, seems weak. If it should be true, there is good reason for a national campaign to open more aerodromes of adequate size. Additional squadrons of the Auxiliary Air Force, each of which costs little more than half that of a regular squadron, could be recruited easily at such centres as Portsmouth, Liverpool, Leicester, and Plymouth, where municipal aerodromes exist. London could provide several more such squadrons, given the lead by the Air Ministry and some encouragement to aerodrome owners.

Landmarks for Airmen

EMPIRE Aviation Day will be celebrated in Leicestershire by demonstrations at the Club aerodrome and also at the private ground owned by Mr. Lindsay Everard at Ratcliffe. The latter is the best equipped of its kind in the country, eighty-five acres in extent, with a hangar, control-tower, mobile floodlight for night landings, and a beacon visible under normal conditions for forty miles. Mr. Everard proposes to give demonstration flights himself on May 24th, and other pilots taking part will be Lieutenant C. W. Phillips, R.N., and Flight-Lieut. Stringer. Talking of beacons, there is a need for more signs identifying towns and air routes for day flying, and the Standard Motor Co., of Coventry, is to be congratulated on its enterprise in providing a series of such landmarks. The first one has been erected at the Company's works in Coventry, a town which is difficult to recognise if one comes on it suddenly out of the clouds.

A Good Time Was Had By All!

HESTON is now a tourist station de luxe, with Customs, cloak-rooms, waiting-rooms, booking offices, weighing machines, and all the paraphernalia of a terminus concentrated in one building. Operating companies are grouped together, and passengers can pass from motor-coach to air-liner, from air-taxi to road-taxi, entirely under cover and in the shortest possible time. There are regular services to the Channel Islands, to the Isle of Wight, and later to Le Touquet, with excursions to race meetings and other social functions during the Season. A train-ferry to Paris seems a little late in the day, with the air claiming more and more first-class passengers every year. Day return trips have made their appearance in the air-line time-tables; no passports are necessary, of course, and shopping expeditions, returning by the evening 'plane, report that a good time has been had by all. The Royal Dutch Air Lines have obtained Air Ministry permission for their service from Amsterdam to Hull, with an extension to Liverpool until the end of this year. An important question of principle arises in throwing open further British airports for use by foreign air-lines, and it is expected that the British Government will adopt the policy of "free airports," in order to secure similar concessions for Imperial Airways abroad. Liverpool and Hull expect a considerable volume of international traffic by the direct North Sea route, which offers, incidentally, a very pleasant flight in the summer months. Going further afield, Imperial Airways is to manage the Government airport in Bermuda, for which provision has been made in the Air Estimates. The Company will operate flying boats, in conjunction with Pan-American Airways, between the Island and New York, or some other place on the mainland.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Second Annual Open Amateur Tournament, under handicap, for "The Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

Parkstone, on April 7th and 8th, 1934

(Headquarters: The Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth)

• Conditions

PLAY will be for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, April 7. Those who return cards will qualify for one section or another according to their net scores, as the entire entry will be divided into sections of eight players. The best eight returns will form the Trophy Eight and will compete for the Trophy itself by match play under handicap, beginning on Saturday afternoon, the Semi-Finals and Final to be decided on the Sunday. The next best eight returns will form another section, and so on. Ties for the last place in any eight will be decided on the first nine holes: if there is still a tie, the tenth hole shall decide, and failing that the eleventh, twelfth, etc. It will be seen, therefore, that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad, will qualify for the match play stages of some section or other, and will at least have a full day on the Saturday. Furthermore, half the original entry must still be engaged on the Sunday.

• Special terms at the Branksome Tower Hotel

Competitors may stay at the Hotel during the week-end on specially arranged terms. The normal inclusive terms range from 22/6 to 32/6 a day, according to accommodation, and include breakfast, lunch, dinner and baths.

• Entries

Entries can be received from now onwards by post addressed to: The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There is no entry form, but please give your name and address, and enclose a handicap certificate signed by the Secretary of the Club which gives you your lowest handicap.

"The Bystander" reserves the right to refuse any entry.

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendos are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15 (except Mon.).

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JANE AND GENIUS.—Wilfred Walter and Marda Vanne as Carlyle and his wife, in Elizabeth Drew's clever biographical play, from the Embassy: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FOR LOVE.—Restoration wit and wickedness brilliantly presented by Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Athene Seyler, Flora Robson, Ursula Jeans, in the revival of Congreve's comedy: Sadler's Wells, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGNOLIA STREET.—Louis Golding's novel as a play, directed by Komisarjevsky, with Phyllis Konstam as Rose, Frank Pettingell, Colin Keith-Johnson, Beatrix Thompson: Adelphi, 8.30.

NURSE CAVELL.—Nancy Price as the heroine in Bechoffer Roberts' and C. S. Forester's play: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD.—Another play about Henry VIII. (Raymond Lovell) with Laura Cowie's acting as Katherine Parr to give the strongest character-interest: Kingsway, 8.15. Fri., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—Last weeks of this successful historical play, with John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Richard and his Queen: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat and Dorice Fordred continue their brilliant acting in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity; J. H. Roberts has succeeded Ernest Thesiger as the Uncle: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Nell Gwynne, Ivan Sampson as Charles II.: Prince's, 8. Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WINDFALL.—R. C. Sherriff's new play, with Hugh E. Wright as a sweepstake winner who lives in Putney, and Margaret Wilson as his wife: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Last chances to see Fred Astaire's inimitable dancing, with Claire Luce as his partner, before he returns to America: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HERE 's How!—George Robey his own eyebrow-raising self as Lord Ullage, the beer-baron, in his new revue, with June, light and graceful, as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30.

First Night

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The third Stoll Shakespearean production: Alhambra, to-night.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

BELOVED.—With John Boles and Gloria Fane, and CROSS-COUNTRY CRUISE, with Lew Ayres and June Knight: Capitol.

BOLERO.—George Raft as the dancer whose career supplies the story, with Carol Lombard, Sally Rand and her famous fan dance, and Frances Drake: Carlton.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE.—A spectacular film—girls and music predominating: Regal.

JACK AHOY!—Jack Hulbert's new bit of screen foolery: Tivoli.

MAN'S CASTLE.—Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young in a film directed by Frank Borzage: New Gallery.

QUEEN CHRISTINA.—Greta Garbo excels even herself as the Swedish Queen, in a beautifully directed film; last week: Empire.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—Suzanne Rissler and Daniel Mandaille in the film of Brieux's famous novel on the injustice of a prisoner being examined without his counsel: Academy, from March 15th.

SIX OF A KIND.—The six being Charlie Ruggles, W. C. Fields, George Burns, Mary Boland, Alison Skipworth, and Gracie Allen: Plaza.

THUNDER OVER MEXICO.—Eisenstein's panoramic film is in a programme with George Arliss's "Voltaire": Polytechnic.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—Marthe Eggerth in the record-breaking Austrian film, with Schubert's music, opens the new Mayfair cinema, the Curzon.

WALTZES FROM VIENNA.—Jessie Matthews, Fay Compton, and Edmund Gwenn in the film version of the musical comedy: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MUSIC

Orchestral

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Chamber music concert, with the Kutcher Quartet and Leon Goossens; Herbert Janssen singing Lieder: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.15.

B.B.C.—The first performance in England of Alban Berg's opera, "Wozzeck," conducted by Adrian Boult: Queen's Hall, March 14th, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Pierre Monteux conducts the L.P.O. in a mixed and modern programme; Jacques Thibaud is the soloist: Queen's Hall, March 15th, 8.15.

ST. MATTHEW PASSION.—A complete performance by the Bach Choir, conducted by Reginald Jacques: Queen's Hall, March 18th. Part I. at 11; Part II. at 2.30.

L.S.O.—The programme includes New Symphony by William Walton, Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture, Delius, and Vaughan Williams: Queen's Hall, March 19th, 8.15.

Recitals

BEATRICE HARRISON AND HEINZ JOLLES.—'Cello and piano recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.15.

MURRAY LAMBERT.—Violin recital of contemporary music, with members of the L.S.O. and Sir Hamilton Harty conducting: Wigmore Hall, March 14th, 8.15.

CLIFFORD CURZON.—The last of his three piano recitals has a Bach-Debussy-Bartok programme: Wigmore Hall, March 16th, 8.30.

CORTOT.—Chopin recital at a National Sunday League Concert: Palladium, March 18th 3.15.

BUSCH CONCERTS.—Last two concerts of the Beethoven quartette series: March 15th at 8.30, and March 17th at 3, both at Queen's Hall.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Ben Blue, "the all-American half-wit" and his nit-wits on parade; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Hachem Khan, the French singer, provides the cabaret; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—The Four Yacht Club Boys, from New York, are singing here; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House, till March 17th.

MARLBOROUGH LOAN EXHIBITION: Chesterfield House.

"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES."—Loan exhibition: 25, Park Lane.

SPORT

RACING.—Grand Military Meeting: Sandown Park, March 16th—17th.

"RUGGER"—England v. Scotland: Twickenham, March 17th.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: Putney to Mortlake, March 17th.

GOLF.—"Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey": Richmond, March 18th.
LADIES LONDON FOURSOMES: Stoke Poges, March 13th—15th.

MOTORING.—R.A.C. International Rally, to Bournemouth: March 13th—17th

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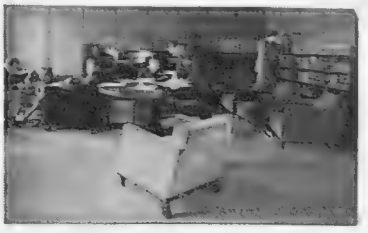

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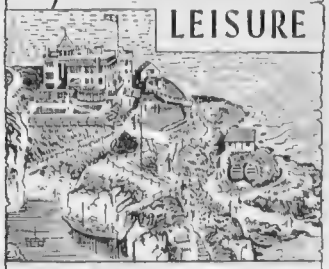

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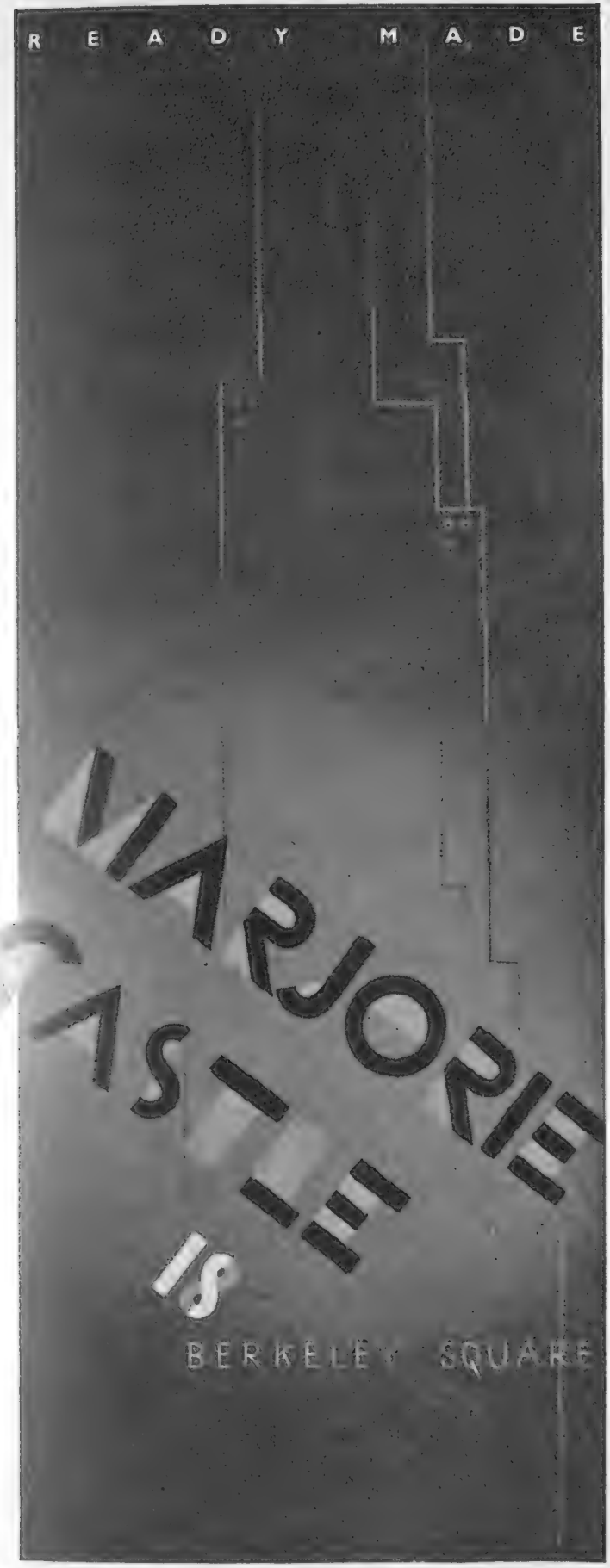

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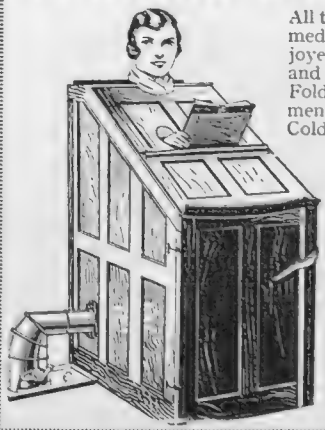

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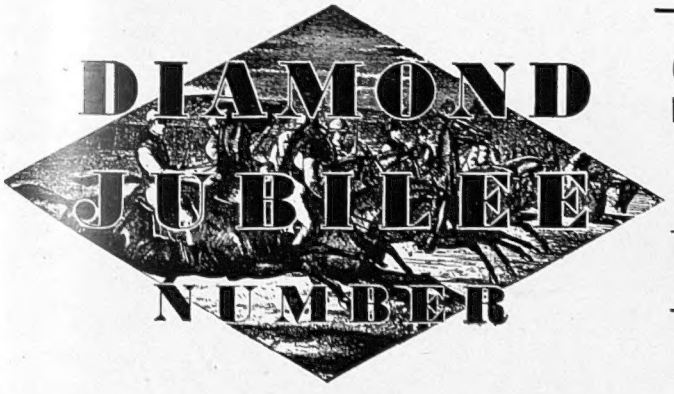
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William: "With pleasure. By the way, what odds were you laying against me at the Hastings meeting?"

Duggie: ". . . Er . . . 10—66, I think."

William: "Ha ha. You evidently fancied my chances. Well, I romped home quite easily."

Duggie: "It certainly was 'one in the eye' for Harold."

William: "I wish I had backed my chances with a couple of thousand. I quite intended to."

Duggie: "Well, if you intended to that's enough for me. I will give you my cheque right away."

William: "You're wonderful. I must tell some of my jolly Knights about you."

Duggie: "I thought the Curfew had put an end to all your jolly nights?"

William: "I can't tell you how enthusiastic I am. They call me William the Conqueror—they ought to call you Duggie the Philanthropist!"

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